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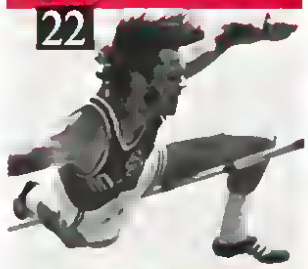

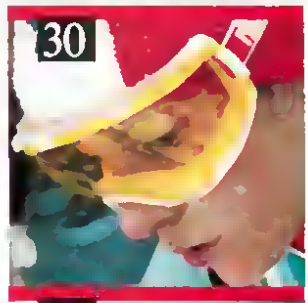

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year; all others $16.00 a year.

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Next week

EAST SIDE STORY in the NBA the unheralded Boston Celtics are on top while those heralded New York Knicks fight to regain first. Peter Carry reports on the division race.

GO SOUTH. young man, become an old salt in the Southern Ocean Racing Conference. A preview, in words and color, of the winter's top sailing series in Florida and the Bahamas

OUT OF THE NORTH all ill comes forth, goes the proverb, and among "ills" Author Jim Harrison would heartily include ice fishing on northern Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

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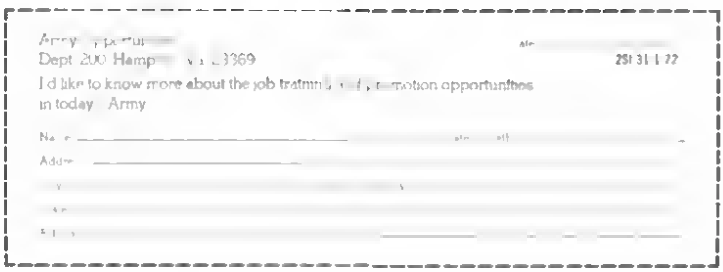
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

SI Olympians Myslenski Ottum (seated), Cooke, Leifer, Williamson and Johnson.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S six-member Winter Olympic team arrived in Japan only a few days ago, but Senior Editor Bob Ottum and his crew have been living with, and around, the '72 Olympics for more than a year now. The first step was a trip to Sapporo last February for a story on the pre-Olympic dress rehearsal and to arrange for a place to live this year—it turned out to be a charming little eight-room Japanese inn—and to be sure that it contained such editorial necessities as telephones, ice cubes and 24-hour coffee service.

Bill Johnson, whose Olympic preview story begins on page 30, will provide most of the words that come to us from Sapporo, covering the scenes and sports he scouted last year. His main problem will be learning to use a typewriter perched just off the floor, Japanese style. Otherwise, Johnson is well prepared for three weeks of Japanese living, including raw squid for breakfast.

Writer-Reporter Nancy Williamson will be covering her third Winter Olympics. The only distaff member of this year's team, she also produced the scouting reports and predictions beginning on page 35. Her past handicapping has been remarkably accurate. Out of 35 events at Grenoble in 1968, for example, her selections won 14 gold, six silver and two bronze medals—a batting average of around .630. But picking medalists from 1,779 athletes is never easy, "and this year it was a nightmare," says Nancy. "In Alpine skiing I felt like I was picking candidates for a hospital ward rather than for Olympic medals." In a matter of days, three top skiers broke their legs and had to be removed from her medal lists and last week, after the Olympic preview story closed, America's young downhill whiz, Cindy Nelson, crashed and dislocated her hip. So much for advance planning.

Writer-Reporter Skip Myslenski, the only Olympic newcomer on the team, will concentrate on Nordic events and ice hockey. A bachelor who will celebrate his 27th birthday in Sapporo, he has one additional assignment that is perplexing him: "Some girl wants me to bring her back a pair of jade earrings," he says. "What color is jade, anyway, man? Green?"

The photography will be done by Neil Leifer and Jerry Cooke, plus Takeyoshi Tanuma, whose sensitive photo essays on Japanese sporting life have appeared in SI from time to time. It will be Cooke's fifth assignment to cover a Winter Olympics and Leifer's second.

In arranging his personal schedule around Sapporo, Editor Ottum had to face the fact that Feb. 11—in the middle of the Games—is the publication date of his new novel *All Right, Everybody off the Planet!* (Random House, Inc., $5.95). Bob takes philosophically the tough break of being out of town when his book appears. "Greater love hath no man than to miss his own publication day," he says with a tight smile.

Good show, Bob.

Dick Munro

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

SUPER SEVEN WEST

Miami is gone for the moment as a Super Bowl site, and New Orleans is going. Next locale is likely to be Palo Alto, of all places. Stanford's stadium holds 90,000 people, but that's incidental. What is more important to the Super Bowl picture is the plenitude of motel and hotel space (if you're willing to drive a few miles) and the liberal number of places to dine and drink. There is a tax matter to solve, since Stanford, a private institution, gets certain tax advantages which might not hold for a Super Bowl game. And Al Davis, the Oakland Raiders' professional curmudgeon, says he is against the Super Bowl coming into his area. But these are minor problems, apparently. The main thing is: Pete Rozelle wants Palo Alto.

FRUITS OF VICTORY

While everyone is wondering whether the Dallas Cowboys will indeed opt for conformity and unload the sphinxlike Duane Thomas, a much more startling personnel change is likely to come out of Miami. Joe Robbie, the controversial managing general partner of the ascendant Dolphins, has been annoyed by the credit his executive assistant, Joe Thomas, received (SI, Dec. 13, 1971) for the club's remarkably fast climb to Super Bowl status. Thomas, in turn, is unhappy with the entire situation, and in particular with Robbie's attitude. Unless Robbie abruptly reverses his field and, say, substantially increases his assistant's relatively modest salary the odds are Thomas will leave the Dolphins after the NFL draft, which will be Miami's loss and some other club's signal gain.

OPEN AND CLOSED

The Frazier-Daniels heavyweight championship fight created only a minor wave in the ocean of sport, coming as it did the night before the Super Bowl, but one of its more interesting aspects was that it was on home television, plain TV, right there next to *All in the Family* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. First time in five years that a heavyweight championship fight has been on the tube for stay-at-home sports fans.

It may have been a historical moment, a last-fling throwback to the good old days of living-room sports. The future seems more and more apt to be geared to closed-circuit, high-priced theater or cable TV. An interested Congressman, Les Aspin of Wisconsin, recently wrote to the commissioners of all the major sports asking them for their ideas on the prospects for television and sport in the years to come. The answers he received, carefully couched though they were, led him to the feeling that "there will be a mass exodus of sports events from home TV and radio onto closed-circuit TV—where the money is. The lure of fantastic profits from the broadcast of major sports events on closed-circuit television will be too much for sports promoters and owners to resist. From the responses that I have received from the sports commissioners, there is little doubt that they are all seriously exploring . . . closed-circuit television. The owners are facing the same choice as a compulsive eater would in choosing between a plain cupcake and a rich, gooey chocolate cake. Anyone who thinks the owners will opt to continue with home television because of their concern for the fans, when closed-circuit TV is far more lucrative, is just kidding himself."

FRENCH AND DANISH

Boat shows are big this time of year, with summer sailors in New York, London, Paris and elsewhere prowling around exhibition halls, kicking prows and wondering if, with a refinanced mortgage here and no college tuition bills there, that 42-foot cabin cruiser couldn't somehow be managed.

The French show, held in the Paris suburb of Puteaux, hard by the Seine, was much like boat shows elsewhere, except for its name (Le Salon International de la Navigation de Plaisance), a wonderwinner $64,000 boat from East Germany ("Could a Communist afford it?" an Eastgerm representative was asked. "Yes," was the reply, "if he has the money") and some significant news about the next America's Cup challenge. It seems that France's Baron Marcel Bich, the ballpoint millionaire who sponsored France's last try and who is planning another onslaught in 1974, has enlisted the services of Denmark's Paul Elvstrom, probably the best racing skipper in the world. The boat itself may be the real key, but Elvstrom is a superior nautical locksmith. Together, he and Bich could mount the most serious challenge since the *America* itself won the original competition off the Isle of Wight more than a century ago.

ARF

The International Swimming Hall of Fame in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., which usually deals with two-legged swimmers, has announced a competition for four-

legged natators. The Dog Paddle Derby, scheduled to be swum sometime in the next month or so, is open only to man's best friends, who will be seeded by weight and breed, if breed can be determined. Entry fees will vary, with dogs who can trace their family trees paying proportionately more. All profits will go to the Humane Society. Television's Ed McMahon, a big wheel in dog-food com-

continued

mercials, will be invited to serve as "Meat Director."

Finicky swimmers who object to the idea of hairy, incontinent dogs scurrying back and forth in their swimming water will be assured by veterinary and health department officials that there are more short-haired dogs than people and that in water canine manners are impeccable.

WOMAN'S OLIB

In Chicago the phone rang at one of the city's outdoor skating rinks.

Woman on phone: How come you don't have no ice?

Park official: Do you know what the temperature is outside?

Woman: About 40, I guess.

Official: And do you know what the temperature has to be for water to freeze?

Woman: About 32.

Official (exploding): Well, lady, how do you expect us to have ice if the temperature is above 32?

Woman (disgusted): I knew you guys would have an excuse.

SHOW OF THE YEAR

A recent public opinion poll affirmed what everyone has realized for some time now: football is the country's favorite sport. But this preeminence does not mean that other sports no longer exist, which seems to be the burden of some of the comments on football's ascendancy. Another poll released about the same time reported that the World Series remains the single most popular sporting event for Americans, even ahead of the Super Bowl.

This all means nothing more than that the American sports fan's tastes are catholic and that when he is not watching the sport he loves he loves the sport he is watching. This, however, inspires another question. What individual sporting event was the most exciting in 1971? Obviously, Super Six doesn't make it (the Super Bowl and the other bowls are included in the 1971 season's menu). Except for dedicated Cowboy fans and those who relish the superiority of perfection, the Super Bowl was not an outstanding game. Neither were the college bowls. On the other hand, pro football's Miami-Kansas City game (that six-period affair) was a stopper, and so was the 35-31 showdown between Nebraska and Oklahoma in college football. Basketball, a sport that readily lends itself to melodramatics, was fairly drab in its ultimate showdowns, both in college and pro ball. Golf, a somewhat esoteric pastime, had a fine dramatic season, with everybody's everyman, Lee Trevino, taking center stage. So did hockey, where the Montreal Canadiens, coming from nowhere, hung on to upset the supposedly unbeatable Bobby Orr-led Boston Bruins. Horse racing, too, tested the extremes of dramatic license with the unlikely story of Venezuela's Canonero II.

But for all this, staid old baseball produced the best show of the year. The Pittsburgh Pirates' come-from-behind victory over the Baltimore Orioles, with the nonpareil Roberto Clemente providing individual touches of brilliance, was the most exciting sporting spectacle of the year. Which is fine, because it means the ancient national pastime is still alive and kicking. It means that upstart football must stay on its toes. And it means we all look forward with anticipation to what 1972 has in store.

STRAW VOTES

Baseball's lingering hold on the sporting public is evident, too, in the interest displayed in the election of Yogi Berra, Sandy Koufax and Early Wynn to the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown. Such subjective recognition is always suspect, of course, but this time the baseball writers have come up with three truly exceptional ballplayers, and it is a harsh critic indeed who can fault any of the trio. Still, one who followed baseball closely 20 years ago, when the Cleveland Indians had the best pitching staff in the game, asks rhetorically, "How did Bob Lemon compare with Wynn?" And the answer has to be, "Lemon was better." How then can Lemon languish among the also-rans while Wynn is swept into Cooperstown?

A more glaring example of inequity is evident in the vote Gil Hodges received. Hodges, an admirable man and a fine manager, was a heady fifth in the balloting, receiving twice as many votes as his contemporary on the old Brooklyn Dodgers, Duke Snider. This is absurd. Hodges was an impeccable fielder and a strong, if erratic, hitter but in his day he was never considered anything more than a good solid ballplayer, whereas the glittering Snider was one-two-three with Willie Mays and Mickey Mantle as the best centerfielder in baseball. For that matter, both Pee Wee Reese and Phil Rizzuto, the finest shortstops of the era, were down in the lists behind Hodges, too.

It makes you wonder sometimes how much the people casting the votes know about the sport.

LIBERATED LOCKER ROOM

Karen Wise of Bethesda, Md. is a 5′ 5½″ junior at Windham College in Vermont. Windham, a rather progressive institution, has about 800 students, half of them men, half women. But it has no sports competition for women, so Karen, a fine athlete, went out for men's basketball—and made the squad. Last week, when Windham lost 83-38 to Castleton State, she got into the game for a few minutes and thus became, as far as can be determined, the first woman ever to play on an NCAA-sanctioned men's basketball team. She had no opportunity to score ("I have a good set shot," Karen says, "but I can't dribble well"), but she did get one rebound.

"There are no problems," says Coach David Parker, a 6′ 7½″ former college player who tried out with the Atlanta Hawks in June 1970. "She works hard in practice. She goes through everything same as the guys. She uses the locker room and shower room with the boys."

Says Karen, "Well, it's just like being in the family. I grew up with two older brothers."

THEY SAID IT

• Harry Toscano, golf pro, asked by an acquaintance how he was playing: "I'm hitting the woods just great, but I'm having a terrible time getting out of them."

• Al Flora, former fight promoter, on the modern fight game: "Everything in the fight game nowadays is a con. It ain't like it used to be, when a fighter shook your hand and said, 'You got my next match,' and you knew you had it. Today fighters con you, managers con you, and you can't count on anything. When I caught myself starting to con, I decided to get out of the game."

• Bill Bradley, of the New York Knicks, on the gradual decline of the home-floor edge in the NBA: "All the arenas are new and have good lighting. And even the floors, which used to vary from arena to arena, are consistent. The fans on the road don't really bother you. If anything, they help you because they arouse your competitiveness." **END**

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EVERYTHING BUT HANDSTANDS

In his latest comeback, Jim Ryun not only beat Kip Keino. He talked, he laughed, he waved at the crowd, he joked with his fellow runners and he almost forgot to take home his trophy

by PAT PUTNAM

A different Jim Ryun arrived in Los Angeles last weekend. He was the pre-1968 Olympics Ryun, cool and confident, ready to challenge a motorcycle over a mile and knowing the bike would finish second. Once again he believes in himself, only now maturity has converted the sheltered boy wonder of yesteryear into a nerveless man of today. In the Sunkist Invitational they threw Kip Keino at him at the last minute and Ryun came up laughing. Last year he would have thrown up. "I couldn't believe it," said Ryun's wife Anne. "Jim picked up the paper on Wednesday and said, 'Hey, Kip is going to run.' He was thrilled, simply thrilled. Me, I was sick to my stomach."

It was Keino who blew Ryun off the track in Mexico City. And it was Keino who won in 3:54.4 in Sweden last summer while Ryun, suffering from hay fever, wheezed home in 4:17.3. It was so bad, Ryun found it amusing. "It could be worse," said Anne. "At least you don't need oxygen." Then they broke up.

And so here again was Keino, the gentle policeman from Kenya, coming in with three wins in the previous eight days, including a 3:59.4. And there was Ryun, in his first race of the year, meeting his African nemesis at the starting line with a smile; now grinning and waving at the crowd; now bouncing around and joking with the other five competitors in the mile run. Jim Ryun joking at a starting line? Keino gave him a look of puzzlement.

"It can't be," said Anne to her parents. Her father winked at her. "But he's always so grim before a race," she said. "He doesn't want to talk to anyone and he doesn't want anyone to talk to him. They had better shoot that gun and get this show on the road before he starts doing handstands."

She got her wish. The gun went off and John Lawson of the Pacific Coast Club broke in front, with Ryun a step back. Keino was last, but no more than 10 yards behind Lawson. The first three laps were agonizingly slow as both Ryun and Keino waited for the other to make a move. They did the quarter in 63 seconds, a 4:12 pace, the half mile in 2:10.5, a 4:21 pace. In last place, Keino shook his head and decided Chris Fisher, Ed Sequeira and Tim Tubb were boxing him in. First one would stay inside, with the other two outside; then the inside man and one of the two outside men would switch.

At the half mile Jere VanDyk, Ryun's Club West teammate, swept into the lead. Miffed, Keino swung wide to escape his blockers and sprinted to the fore, dueled VanDyk briefly and then bafflingly dropped back into last place. Ryun had expected Keino to make his move at the quarter, the Kenyan's favorite tactic. When he didn't, Ryun decided Keino had planned a deliberate race and was going to try and outkick him. Ryun almost broke out laughing. Not at sea level, baby, he thought.

With six laps to go on the slow 11-laps-to-the-mile Tartan track at the L.A. Sports Arena, Ryun tired of playing cat-and-mouse and shot in front by 10 yards. Oh, oh, said Keino, once again circling wide and sprinting into second, seven yards behind the streaking Ryun. And that was as close as he would ever get. Ryun ran the last 440 in 56.7 to win in a relatively slow 4:06.8. Keino finished second in 4:07.3.

"My God," said a friend to Anne, "did you see the look on Jim's face that last lap? Like he was ready to run through a brick wall before he'd let anybody beat him. If Keino had tried to pass him, Jim would have thrown a punch at him."

"Not Jim," said Anne, "bless his beautiful heart."

After Ryun ran his victory lap, he turned into a tunnel that cuts under the stands into a circular hallway outside the arena. He jogged through the hall to warm down. A few thousand fans fled the stands to jog after him.

"Well," said Al Franken, the meet promoter, "the Pied Piper is back for good."

The previous afternoon the Pied Piper had sat in a restaurant and sipped ice tea, showing as much tension as a man about to slip off for a round of golf with a few friends. A year ago he was seen in public the day before a race as often as a black bear is in midwinter. And he said about as much.

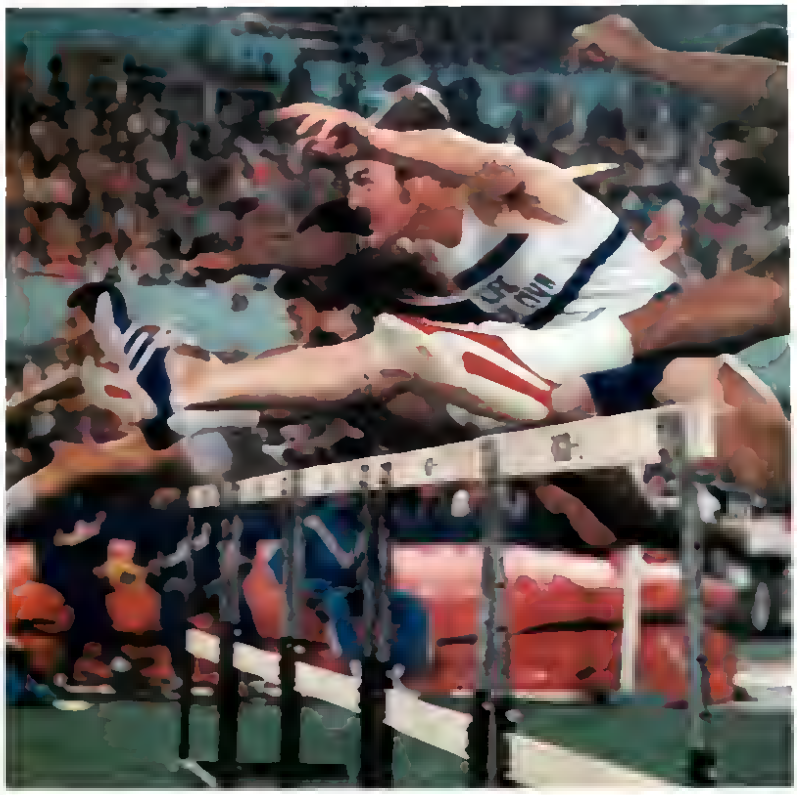
"Last year I wanted to race people like Keino but I didn't think I was ready, either physically or mentally," Ryun said. "Now I know I am. I just needed last year to find myself after the layoff. I don't build a good foundation quickly. Some people can, I can't. I'd rather

continued

Ryun, who now represents the new Club West of Goleta, Calif., opens a big lead over Keino on gun lap en route to a slow but easy win.

339

PACIFIC
COAST



start slowly and make sure the foundation is strong. I still wasn't sure of myself until I raced Marty Liquori in Philadelphia. When I ran—and lost by something like a foot—well, that was the last thing I needed to know. A lot of people thought it was a disaster. Not me. It answered a lot of questions. I found I could train real hard and still have time for my family. And that I could respond under pressure against tough competition. When I crossed the finish line I was thinking of just one thing—Munich."

"Keino popping up here doesn't shake you?" someone asked.

Ryun laughed. "No, I sort of suspected he would all along. I trained hard for the meet. I trained harder last fall than I have in a long time. Just stamina work. No speed. That will come later. And now I know that if I am rested I am ready for anybody. When I trained for this race I had Kip in mind, but if he didn't race, well, it's a lot easier to come down than to suddenly have to go up. The only thing is mental, to remember that Kip is in the race."

"Remember? You mean you might forget a small fact like that?"

He laughed again, something he does quite often now. "No, it won't be hard to remember. At the same time it won't be hard to remember that John Lawson beat him here two years ago. I guess I'll just go out tomorrow night and see what Kip does. He's had two races recently and he's racing again tonight in San Francisco. He'll probably be tired. I see where Tom Von Ruden said if Kip was going to win, he'd have to break four minutes."

"I bet Keino loved that," said Anne.

"I don't think it shook him too much," said Ryun. "All he said was, 'Who's Von Ruden?' You know Kip. Not much bothers him."

Evidently unbothered, Keino won at San Francisco in 4:01.2, with Von Ruden second in 4:01.5. Keino got to bed at 3 a.m., was up at 6:15 to catch a plane to Los Angeles and spent the afternoon walking around with his countryman, half-miler Cosmas Silei. At 3 p.m. they wandered back to Franken's home, where they were staying.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG

Other L.A. winners: Al Feuerbach, shot (67' 4"); teammate Paul Gibson, hurdles (7.1); Swedish vaulter Hans Lagerqvist (17').

"Where have you been?" demanded Army Major Geoffrey Kinuthia, the "team" manager. "Have you eaten?"

"I had a 7-Up," Keino said.

The major frowned. "I insist that you eat something now."

"Not now," Keino said.

"But I insist."

"No."

"Ah," the major sighed. "It is so hard to be a manager. The runners are so temperamental. They are always changing their minds. I plan something and at the last minute they say, no, we don't want to do that, we want to do something else."

"What I want to do right now," Keino said, "is to get a few hours' sleep. I'm a bit tired."

"Don't you want to think about the race?"

Keino looked surprised. "What is there to think about? Strategy?" He grinned. "I have no plan. You make a plan and something happens and pffft! you are in a problem. I'll just go out and take it as it goes. If you have strength, you have strength. If you don't, you don't. All races are just competitions. You don't run against a Ryun, you run a competition. I'm going to go to bed."

Shirley Franken, the promoter's wife, watched Keino and Silei head upstairs. "Don't worry," she said. "When they wake up I'll fix them a nice big steak. Of course, they won't eat much. They eat about as much as a little bird. Isn't that Kip a darling? They stayed here a few days before they went to San Francisco and we were planning things they could see. All of a sudden, Kip turns to the major and starts chattering in Kenyan. He talks for about a half minute and then he yells 'hippie.' What was he saying, Major?"

"He didn't yell 'hippie,' I did," Kinuthia said. "He was talking to me in Swahili. He wanted to know what you call those young people with the dirty old clothes and the long hair. He wanted to see one."

"He's going to San Francisco and the thing he wants to see the most is a hippie?" Mrs. Franken said. "My God, if that wouldn't blow the minds of the Chamber of Commerce."

The man whose mind is about to blow is Al Franken. His beef is that the AAU is persecuting him. Early last week, he says, Ollan Cassell, the AAU's executive director, told the Kenyans they could compete for everybody but Franken.

"That son-of-a-gun," Franken muttered. "This guy simply and flat out has a vendetta against me. Like when Ron Clarke ran here for me all the time, he said, 'Hey, Clarke always runs for you, you must be giving him something.' And now he tries to get me over a lousy phone call *he* should have made."

"I don't have a vendetta against anyone," Cassell retorted. "We have 25 indoor meet directors and . . . well, if one guy is allowed to operate outside the rules, then it should be the same for them all."

The rule Cassell says Franken broke is one of the International Amateur Athletic Federation's, which states, in essence, that only the AAU can negotiate with foreign athletes who want to compete in the U.S.

"Bull," said Franken. "Last September, Dick Bank, a guy who lives in Los Angeles, saw Kip in London and asked him if he wanted to run in the Sunkist. Kip said, 'Super.' So I called Ollan and told him to invite the Kenyans. Weeks drifted past and nothing happened. Finally I get a letter from Kenya saying Kip was coming to run here and in San Francisco, and that Ollan had been notified. So I called him again. He said, 'How do you know that? You are operating illegally. You have been in contact with Kenya.' Then he meets Kip at the airport and tells him he can't run for me. And he tells him he can't even *stay at my house*. There's nothing in the rule book that says I can't call Kip and ask him how the lion hunting is. I could have been clean if I had had my wife call. It's so unbelievably ridiculous."

But when the smoke settled, Keino competed and Ryun beat him, and afterward the victor was being pressed to explain his strategy. "Well," said Ryun, "my only plan was to stay ahead of Kip and everyone else right to the finish line."

"Hey, Jim, forget the race for a moment," said Anne, waving a program at her husband. "Look at what I've got."

"What's that?" Ryun said.

"Kip Keino's autograph," she said. "He signed my program. I told him he wasn't going to get away again without doing it."

Ryun shook his head and smiled. "Anne," he said, "let's go home. And remind me to pick up the trophy on the way out. I keep forgetting them." **END**

OLD SARGE BECOMES A GENERAL

The rebirth of the St. Louis Blues began for real when Philly left Coach Al Arbour, who had been typed as a noncom without clout, in stitches. Meanwhile, the star kept his hair and the owner his cool **by MARK MULVOY**

When Sid Salomon III merrily fired Bill McCreary as coach of the St. Louis Blues on Christmas Day and replaced him with former Coach Al Arbour, the gag around town was that Arbour would have the job for 25 games or 60 days, whichever came first, and then it would be Scotty Bowman's turn again. Even Sid the Third, as the 34-year-old executive vice-president of the Blues prefers to be called, had to laugh. After all, McCreary was the fourth coach he had either fired or kicked upstairs within a span of 62 games—following, in rapid order, Arbour, Bowman and Sid Abel—and now he was starting all over with Arbour once more. In his wildest dreams Charlie Finley never imagined such a wipeout.

The real joke, though, may be on Sid the Third, for Arbour—the coach he pushed out a year ago, the coach who "lacked color and charisma," the coach who was a "loyal, dutiful sergeant but would never be a general"—has rescued the Blues from the depths of disaster and, at the same time, kept Salomon, a scratch golfer, away from the links.

Sid the Third usually bolts off to Miami Beach when things are not going well for the Blues. There is nothing like 36 holes at LaGorce to help him forget all those losses and all the grumbling about the player trades he made, and there is nothing like the surf outside the Salomon-owned Golden Strand Hotel for washing his hands of another coaching problem. But now Arbour has to come along and spoil it.

Thanks to Arbour, St. Louis has been the hottest expansion club in the NHL for the last month. A sixth-place team plummeting toward seventh when Arbour assumed control, the Blues moved into third place in the West Division last Saturday night by beating the Pittsburgh Penguins 1–0 on Defenseman Billy (Wuff 'n Weddy) Plager's first goal of the season. It was the Blues' sixth win in seven games. Poor Sid the Third. He may not get back to LaGorce until after the Stanley Cup playoffs.

Stated very simply, Arbour has converted total chaos into workable order. "He just got us organized," says Garry Unger, the long-haired blond center, who had 26 goals as the week ended—and someday may make Missourians forget Red Berenson. "We've got about a dozen new players on this team, and now you wouldn't even know it." Defenseman Bob Plager, Billy's brother, is more emphatic in his praise of Arbour. "Until Al returned as coach," he says, "we were always lost on the ice. We had no breakout plays, no passing plays, no spirit, no nothing. Our practices were awful. They were too short, for one thing, and we never worked on anything. All we did was scrimmage."

Long, hard, organized workouts helped in the technical areas, but the job of instilling spirit into his players was a very painful experience for Arbour. So painful, in fact, that he needed 10 stitches to close a wound in his head. The Blues were playing the Flyers at Philadelphia, and in the second period Referee John Ashley made a few calls that Arbour and his players thought were one-sided. At the end of the period, with his team trailing 2–0 (this coming after a 9–1 loss to New York the previous night), Arbour stepped onto the ice and began to follow Ashley toward the referee's exit. When Ashley noticed Arbour, he immediately gave him a two-minute penalty. "Keep following him," Bob Plager told his coach. "You've already got the two minutes, and he won't give you any more."

As Arbour pursued Ashley off the ice, a Philadelphia fan emptied a beer cup over the coach's head. Plager and several other Blues charged toward the exit to help defend their coach. Instant riot. Arbour had his head gashed open, there were charges of police brutality, and later Arbour and some of his players spent part of the night in jail. "I was in the doctor's room getting stitched up," Arbour says, "and I heard all these shouts coming from the next room. The Blues' room. My guys were snarling. I was afraid they were going to knock down the door."

As Bob Plager says, "When Al chased after Ashley, it was the first time all year someone had stood up for us. It brought us together. Now we were ready to stand up for ourselves and be counted. It really was what I'd call the making of a hockey team." The Blues charged out and scored three goals in the third period to beat the Flyers 3–2. Two nights later they defeated the Boston Bruins 5–3, and after that they spoiled Bowman's return to St. Louis by routing his Montreal Canadiens 7–3.

Ironically, the same Arbour who has coalesced the Blues was a major figure in the rift between Sid the Third and Scotty Bowman last year. Sid wanted Bowman to replace Arbour as the coach of the Blues. Bowman, as general manager, argued that under Arbour the Blues were in second place in the West, right behind Chicago, and had the best record of all the expansion teams. But the Salomons—Sid the Third and his father, Sidney Jr.—wanted a "general" behind the bench, not a "sergeant." Finally Bowman agreed to coach the team for the last two months of the season with the understanding that Arbour would return as coach for the 1971–72 season.

Right about then Sid the Third demanded a stronger voice in player movements—or else. Bowman, of course, steadfastly refused to relinquish any of the power he had used to make the Blues the best of all the expansion teams, and in the end he, too, was fired. By disposing of Bowman, Sid the Third automatically got the stronger voice he had demanded. He was now the only voice.

Sid Abel was brought in from Detroit as coach, and Lynn Patrick, who had been the Salomons' No. 1 aide since the start, was named general manager. When the Blues won only three of their first 10 games this season, Sid the Third made Abel the general manager and moved Patrick back upstairs. Bill McCreary then was called in from Denver

to coach the team. Despite the changes, the Blues lost four of their next five games. Panic.

"I had to make a trade," Sid the Third says. "When I act, I act." Accompanied by his father, Sid the Third flew east to visit New York, Montreal and Boston, in that order. Emile Francis of the Rangers warmly greeted the Salomons. Two seconds later he mentioned the name of Gene Carr, the Blues' prize young rookie center. Back in St. Louis the Blues' fans had been told that Carr was going to be the "next Bobby Hull." "When Emile offered us three good young players—Jack Egers, Andre Dupont and Mike Murphy—for Carr and two other players who didn't figure in our plans," Sid says, "I called St. Louis and polled the staff. The vote was 4 to 1 in favor of the deal." So Sid the Third shook hands with Francis and flew up to Montreal. Another deal? No. He wanted to apologize to the Canadiens' general manager, Sammy Pollock, for not discussing Carr with him before making the trade with New York.

While Carr eventually may prove to be the superstar New York has never had, St. Louis certainly has not suffered by the deal. Murphy and Egers are Unger's wings on the Blues' No. 1 line, and Dupont, a hitting defenseman, has taken a regular turn and avoided embarrassment.

Salomon's next trade was another shocker: he sent Jimmy Roberts, the captain of the Blues, back to Montreal for young Right Wing Phil Roberto. "I consider Roberts a close personal friend," Sid says, "but you can't permit friendships to interfere with the conduct of your business. We needed a right wing, and we gained nine years. It was the right trade. The vote was 5 to 0."

All this time only one St. Louis player was excluded from trade discussions—Garry Unger. "I've seen so many amazing things happen in my four years in this league that being traded again would not surprise me," Unger says. "I'm only 24, but I've already been traded twice. Look what happened last year when I was with Detroit. Instead of trading the coach, Ned Harkness, they traded the team. One thing I've learned is that you don't worry about trades."

Now that Berenson and Roberts have left St. Louis, Unger obviously is the new favorite of the Blues' owners. He lives on a 200-acre farm owned by the Salomons. For company he has six cats, a collie, eight puppies and two horses. "The horses are mine," he says. "One's a registered paint named Dynamite Will Sonnett, the other's a registered quarterhorse named Scarlett Downing. She's expecting in April."

To the Blues a rather more blessed event would be a 50-goal season from Unger, which is possible. He had only six goals before Murphy and Egers were placed on his wings. In the next 29 games he scored 20. "The big thing, though, is that I hated hockey a year ago and now I love it again," he says. "Detroit was a drag. Harkness was on me about my hair all the time, and once he even sent me to the barber with a diagram of how he wanted my hair cut. Besides that, I broke three bones in my back before training camp and they bothered me all season. Here in St. Louis I enjoy where I live, and I have a private life—a real private life—off the ice. And nobody's telling me to think hockey 24 hours a day. Do that and you'll get punchy."

Needless to say, when Blues fans kneel beside their beds at night, they pray, "Bless Sid Salomon, but please don't let him trade Garry Unger or fire Al Arbour. Just this once."

Amen. **END**

Al Arbour applauds a St. Louis manauver as the Blues take a close one from Pittsburgh

A LITTLE HOOP AND A LOT OF HOLLER

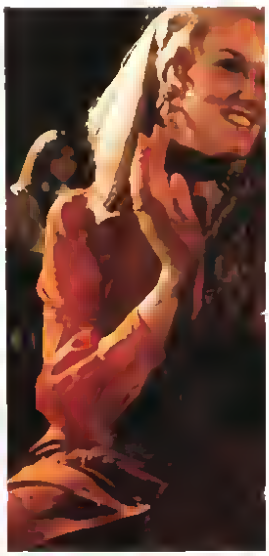
Indianans are buggy over basketball, as ever. But now that their Pacers have discovered a real enemy, they're happily hysterical **by PETER CARRY**

The red, blue and white sign above the modest storefront on East 38th Street in Indianapolis reads: HOME OF HOOSIER HYSTERIA PROFESSIONAL STYLE. Lest an out-of-state passerby think the place is a center for crazy psychiatrists or deranged dentists, a smaller sign saying INDIANA PACERS also hangs above the sidewalk. Indianans themselves need no such translation to understand that the little building is the home office of their American Basketball Association team. In their special thesaurus, hysteria is a synonym for basketball in its unique Hoosier form, a form which brings the game out of the gym to kitchens, dens and bars and lends it vitality long after the echo of the last dribble of the night has died.

Indiana's love affair with basketball has lasted 50 years and more. It remains the abiding interest of country crossroads, towns and cities; it is the fulcrum of wintertime social life around which cocktails are drunk, dinners celebrated, romances begun and marriages made happier. This life-style was once reserved for high school and college games, but during the ABA's five-year history the citizens of Indianapolis have transferred much of their affection over to the Pacers. Their nights for dining, drinking and dancing are now often fixed months in advance, predetermined by the little yellow blocks on the Pacers' schedule that denote home dates.

Last Saturday night's game in Indianapolis was surrounded by typical heartiness, pro style. Tom Lugar (his brother Dick is mayor of Indianapolis) and his wife Sally invited five couples over for pregame drinks and dinner. A few blocks away in the same affluent northeastern section of the city Janet Carr, whose architect husband Mike designed their spacious, five-bedroom home, threw an open house for 20 or so friends after the game. Meanwhile, younger, sin-

Outshooting a Star: It's Brown against Beaty.



No game is complete without a party (that's hostess Janet Carr, guffawing). At courtside, PaceSetter bell girls add a festive touch.

gle people assembled at Neto's, the bar owned by Pacer Forward Bob Netolicky, or headed for the outskirts of town to Never on Friday, the private nightclub where the lighting is bad, the beer costs $2.25 a pitcher and local rock jock Reb Porter does not even bother to get the discothèque really rolling until after the game is over.

But Saturday's enthusiasm also had an extra edge, elevating the whole affair to, say, the level of pandemonium because the Pacers were playing the Utah Stars in this year's seventh smash showing of what has become the newest—and best—traditional old rivalry in the pros. Since the Stars added Zelmo Beaty to their roster and moved to Salt Lake City at the start of last season, Utah and Indy have played 26 games. After the Pacers' 119–113 victory Saturday, each had won 13 of them—and the average difference in scoring per game between the two teams was 0.81 points in favor of the Stars. Last season they met 19 times. Utah won 10, the extra victory coming in the seventh game of the divisional playoffs, a contest that might still be going on had not the Stars somehow managed to shoot 74% in the third quarter. They needed every one of those baskets to pull off a seven-point win. Memories of that game are particularly bitter to Pacer fans because, although Indiana had led the Western Division by a slim one-game edge during the regular season, the playoff loss prevented the Pacers from a shot at winning their third consecutive league championship. And as if that were not enough to push things toward pandemonium, the first six Indiana-Utah games this season certainly added the fuel. Each team won three games, and four of them were decided by three points or less.

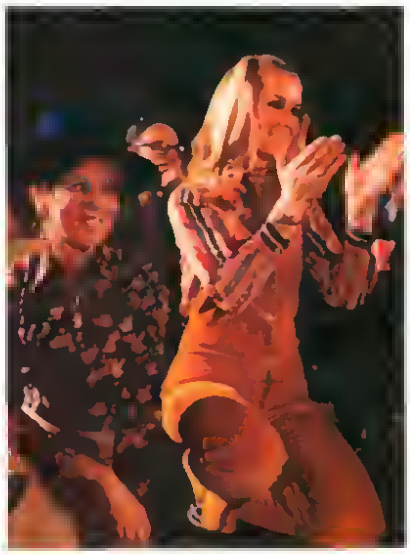
"Even though Kentucky is our real natural rival I know my friends have built up a bigger hate for the Stars," says Pacer President Chuck DeVoe. "They really feel it for Utah's Willie Wise because of the battles he has with our Roger Brown. They appreciate Wise's defense; they respect him as a player. He's sort of the guy they love to hate."

"They're a great team, you gotta admit that," said 30-year-old salesman Dave Scott, gulping down another beer at the Never on Friday. "But we hate their butts. The city of Indianapolis hates their butts."

Rarely have two professional teams matched players position for position as closely as the Stars and Pacers. At center Indiana's 6′ 9″ Mel Daniels, quick and springy, plays Utah's 6′ 9″ muscular and crafty Beaty. Last season Daniels edged Zelmo for the ABA's Most Valuable Player award. At one forward modestly mod 6′ 9″ Netolicky faces 6′ 8″ Red Robbins. At the other forward Indiana's 6′ 5″ Brown, a master of one-on-one offense, used to match up with 6′ 6″ Wise, superb at one-on-one defense. When Brown shifted to guard a few weeks back, it seemed that his battles with Wise would be over, but when the Stars took the floor in Indianapolis Saturday, there was Willie playing guard on defense.

Even the addition of talented new players has not seemed to disrupt the fine balance between the Pacers and Stars. Utah's backcourt is now led by Jimmy Jones, a heady floorman and defender. Indiana countered by signing 6′ 8″ Indiana University dropout George McGinnis, a 21-year-old, 235-pound strongman of surprising speed. The dimensions of McGinnis' physical skills can best be measured in that maneuver the pros call "taking the baseline." One of the most effective one-on-one tactics, it requires both speed and strength as the offensive player moves from the wing to the basket by curling an arc down the sideline and then along the baseline to the goal. "You've gotta have some quickness to get a step on your man when you first start your drive," explains McGinnis. "Then you have to be strong and block with your body to make sure your man doesn't head you off when you make your turn along the baseline. You gotta be pretty strong, too, when you get to the basket—because by that time the big guys on the other team have seen you coming and they're all on their way to stop you." McGinnis is already better than most pro forwards at this play—so good, in fact, that several times against Utah he seemed to have bulldozed a freeway to the basket even though the Stars were aware that this is one of his favorite moves.

Wise, who scored his professional high of 44 points in the game, had other evidences of McGinnis' strength. While Willie mauled the rest of the Pacers he was held without a shot for nine minutes in the second quarter when McGinnis guarded him—and Wise scored only four points against McGinnis in the final 6:12 of the game. In the first 5:48 of the fourth quarter the other Pacers attempting to stop Wise allowed him to score 21 points. In the pros defenders are permitted to put their hands on the men they guard, but cannot hinder the movement of the offensive player without drawing a foul. According to Wise the apparently congenial *continued*



After the action, fans stir up more action

laying on of hands by McGinnis packs such heavy muscle that even though the referees cannot detect anything illegal, the offensive player feels as if he has a collapsed lung whenever he tries to go in a direction other than the one McGinnis has chosen for him. "The refs think I'm just putting my hand up against a guy—that I'm barely touching him—but really I'm putting the pressure on him and they can't see it," says McGinnis, who also was an All-America football lineman in high school. To which Wise adds, "The man's just too strong to be playing basketball."

Until three weeks ago, when Brown moved to guard, making room in the starting lineup for McGinnis, this year's Pacer-Star games were beginning to look like merely a few good evenings of entertainment to spice up a runaway by Utah in the West. While the Stars were out setting a few dandy little ABA records (such as the one for the most consecutive road wins), Indiana was crippled by injuries and once dropped eight games behind in the standings. Eventually the Pacers began to believe that divine forces were against them when Captain Freddie Lewis, the key to the team's fast break, missed two games with a leg injury. Why did he miss two games? Well, his car was broadsided at an intersection by a car driven by a nun.

Then, just as Indiana was regaining its health, the Stars began shooting badly, particularly from the outside. While Utah's shots were being turned into just so many defensive rebounds by their opponents, who won nine of the Stars' 13 most recent games, the Pacers won seven of nine and—with their newest victory over Utah—moved within three games of the lead. Now Indiana has the schedule on its side, playing only 15 more games away from home.

There are plenty of people waiting to see all those home games, for no other state supports basketball in the manner to which Indiana has become accustomed. Unlike many other areas where basketball has remained largely the sport of the ghettos, the game has always cut neatly across social lines among Hoosiers, so that society folks attend as frequently and cheer as avidly as any other segment of the citizenry. Last year, 13,308,955 Indianans flocked to high school basketball games, five million more than any other state. On Saturday night, while the Pacers played before a standing-room crowd, another 5,000 trooped into the Butler University field house across town to watch the city high school championships, and 2,500 more went to a college game.

Predictably, Pacer attendance is good: Indiana led the ABA in the league's first four seasons and this year trails only Kentucky, which plays the majority of its games in 17,000-seat Freedom Hall. The Pacers will move into a new arena in two years, but now struggle in 9,479-seat Fairgrounds Coliseum, which has some of the worst end-court seats in basketball. Still, Indiana is having its best season ever at the gate, playing to more than 90% of capacity for all its home games.

No pro team is as intimately involved in its home city; six members of the team, including Coach Slick Leonard, are former Hoosier high school heroes. Most of them also were college stars in the state, particularly Rick Mount, who comes from 26 miles up the road in Lebanon. Three other players, McGinnis and Guards Billy Keller and Marv Winkler, attended Washington High School in Indianapolis. Last fall popular Roger Brown was elected to a seat on the city council.

This feeling of close identity helps make that old Hoosier blend of basketball and social life. "On just about every weekend there's a game we'll go to a party of one sort or another scheduled around it," said Janet Carr as she prepared for her open house. "It's safe to say that we work our social life around the Pacer games." About once a month the Carrs attend more formal affairs, where an elegant pregame dinner party is followed by postgame drinks at the same house. These are called Pacer Parties, and that term is as well understood in Indianapolis as the Derby party is in Louisville.

About the only people not headed for a party in Indianapolis last Saturday night were the Utah Stars, who were rudely welcomed from the very beginning. Indiana streaked to a 20-10 lead by hitting its first 10 shots before Brown finally missed a short turnaround jumper with 4:46 remaining in the first quarter. Utah finished the period 13 points down—and spent the rest of the game in this most inhospitable situation.

The Stars had a good opportunity in the second period, when the two most important men in the Indiana fast break, rebounder Daniels and playmaker Lewis, both went to the bench with three fouls before 1:30 of the second quarter had expired. Utah quickly cut a 15-point deficit to three before McGinnis made three quick baskets to help the Pacers to a seven-point halftime lead. McGinnis stole a Utah pass and drove the length of the court for a lay-in, then took a fast-break feed from Keller and hulled between Beaty and John Beasley for another layup. His third score came on a foul-line jump shot, which, like most of his jumpers, was a purist's nightmare. Shooting rules say a one-hander should be shot with the body facing directly at the basket, the nonshooting hand serving as a guide for the ball—and the release being made at the apex of the jump. McGinnis' shot came as he drifted right to left across the foul lane, holding the ball in one hand like a waiter carrying a tray, then lifting it at the same moment his feet returned to the floor following his leap.

Utah quickly dissolved Indiana's lead to start the second half, and for the only time in the game the score was tied—65-65. But then along came McGinnis to overwhelm Ron Boone with one of those baseline drives, and Indiana took over for good. Through the next 8:52 Indiana outscored Utah 27-10, and it turned out to be an important streak indeed. As soon as the fourth period opened, Wise began a single-handed assault. He scored 21 of his team's 24 points as the Stars cut Indiana's lead to five. Two foul shots by Wise with 3:09 remaining trimmed the margin to one point, but the Pacers' superior rebounding, which gave them a huge 50-36 advantage in the game (40 by Daniels, Netolicky and McGinnis), proved decisive. A Daniels rebound of a missed Utah shot kicked off a Lewis-to-Netolicky fast break. Neto scored the goal and was fouled, but then missed the free throw. Daniels grabbed the rebound and cleared it to his guards, who then ran a time-consuming set play. It ended with Brown, the high Pacer scorer with 28 points, putting his team a safe six points ahead with a 12-footer from the right of the lane over Jimmy Jones. All of which, of course, led to a whole lot of hysteria. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

Wheeling into his baseline move, George McGinnis is big, strong—and unstoppable.

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD

Pat Matzdorf has jumped higher than anyone, a feat celebrated almost exclusively in Sheboygan

by JIM KAPLAN

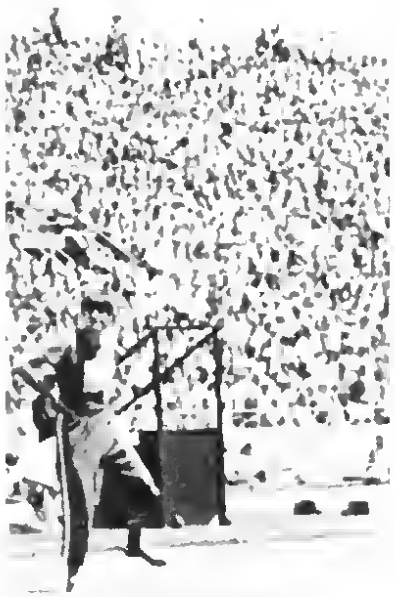
MATZDORF LEAPT 7' 6¼' IN BERKELEY LAST SUMMER TO SET A NEW WORLD RECORD

At the very least, Pat Matzdorf could have been offended by being asked to appear on *What's My Line?* Here he had just set a world high-jump record of 7′ 6¼″—an exploit that is recognized, in the words of one publicist, "on the banks of the Euphrates River"—and he was being introduced to a panel of celebrities as some kind of mystery man. "Is this in any line of sport?" Sally Ann Howes wanted to know. "Do you ever leave the ground?" Alan Alda queried. "Is it a broad jump?" Well, what could it be? It was Arlene Francis' turn and she thought it might be barrel jumping. It remained for Soupy Sales to salvage the panel's dignity. He guessed correctly—on his second try.

If Matzdorf's name evokes little response today, it meant even less on July 3, 1971. This was the second day of the U.S.-U.S.S.R.-World All-Stars meet in Berkeley, Calif. As of that afternoon, the world record in the high jump was Valeri Brumel's 7′ 5¾″, which had stood for eight years, making it the oldest untied record in men's track and field. As of that afternoon, Matzdorf's personal best was an indoor 7′ 3″, a height exceeded by 12 other active jumpers, and he was expected to finish behind his more experienced teammate, Reynaldo Brown of the California Track Club. Indeed, when Matzdorf's older brother LeRoy heard on the radio that a new high-jump record had been set, he assumed that Reynaldo had finally done it.

But history is not made in existential flashes. Those close to Matzdorf knew he had the stuff. "It didn't surprise me," Brown said. "Pat psychs himself like no one else. I told him he'd have his day sooner or later." Tim Heikkila, America's third-ranking jumper, had seen Matzdorf clear 7′ 2″ by several inches and get his body over greater heights, only to brush off the bar with his trail leg. Matzdorf's coach at the University of Wisconsin, Bill Perrin, had set 7′ 5″ as a goal for 1971, 7′ 7″ for 1972.

Consider the similarities between Matzdorf and an earlier sleeper, Brumel. Like Matzdorf's, Brumel's rise was meteoric: in less than a year he broke seven feet for the first time and finished second in the 1960 Olympics. Their styles are similar, too, although Brumel uses the conventional straight-leg straddle while Matzdorf favors the less ortho-



dox bent-knee approach—an extremely quick run up, a tremendous swooping motion of the arms and a takeoff so powerful it resembles a blastoff. Both are serious students of the jump, and quiet men from working-class backgrounds. Brumel began jumping at 14, and at 21 set the world record that Matzdorf broke. Matzdorf began jumping at 16 and broke the record at 21.

But to imply that Matzdorf has consciously aped Brumel is an injustice to the imaginative figure of Bill Perrin. To be sure, he recognized that the Russians' emphasis on strength was preferable to the casual run-and-stretch exercises so long revered in the U.S. But he felt, too, that the Russians overemphasized total body development to the detriment of the specific leg and arm muscles so crucial to the high jump. Perrin has his jumpers hop up stadium benches to simulate the moves made in the event and to develop power where it counts. Perrin also has invented, and sells to more than 1,000 schools at home and abroad, a series of seven-foot rubber cables with 1,000- to 4,000-pound tensile strength and up to 850% elongation. They come in many forms for different events. High jumpers attach one end of the cable to the bottom of a pole, the other end to a foot and wing the leg forward, simulating the move made in their event. "In this exercise you become familiar with raising your center of gravity from a low point to a high point," says Perrin. "If you lift your center of gravity faster than anyone else and over a greater distance, you're going to go higher than anyone else."

Perrin also believes in psychology. For the sensitive Matzdorf, who is often down on himself, he has provided an elevated board off which to practice. A couple of 7′8″ leaps can do wonders for one's confidence.

Undoubtedly, Perrin's best move was leaving Matzdorf to the bent-knee approach he developed in high school in Sheboygan, Wis., his hometown. The straight-leg straddle, in which the lead leg remains taut, is more common, as most coaches believe it generates greater force than any other method. But Perrin saw in the bent-knee a chance to speed up the approach (only Brumel's phenomenal strength enabled him to run at the bar using the straight leg), lower the center of gravity for a fast takeoff and generate velocity with a powerful arm thrust. In truth, the bent-knee approach is not as revolutionary as it sounds—the Fosbury Flop is a backward bent-knee jump—but it has not been widely used until recently.

As a sophomore, Matzdorf was the most successful jumper in Big Ten history, but his personal best was only 7′ 1¾″. Then, in a four-month period in his junior year he began winning with almost Brumel-like consistency. Last March 6 he set a Big Ten record of 7′ 3″ in the conference indoor meet. A week later he won the NCAA indoors with a meet mark of 7′ 2″. In April he won the Drake Relays at 7′ 1¾″, in May a dual meet with Minnesota at 7′ 2″ and in June the Big Ten outdoor meet at 7′ 1″. He fell victim to the fewer-misses rule at the NCAA outdoors, clearing seven feet but finishing fifth because of a miss on a previous jump. A week later, however, he jumped 7′ 2″ to place second to Brown in the AAUs.

At the U.S.-U.S.S.R.-World All-Stars meet Matzdorf felt "a surge of energy, a thrust I've never felt before." He broke the record on his 11th jump. Matzdorf passed three times until the bar reached 6′ 8¾″, which he cleared on his first try. He also cleared his first attempts at 6′ 10¾″ and 7′ ¾″. He missed once at 7′ 1¾″ but made his second jump, and went over on his first try at 7′ 3″.

With the bar set at 7′ 4½″, Dick Fosbury's American record, only Brown and Matzdorf were left in the field. Brown missed three times. Matzdorf sailed over on his second attempt and bounded joyously out of the pit. "What should I go for?" he asked Heikkila, a spectator at the meet.

"You might as well go for it—7′ 6″," Heikkila said. The meet was being conducted on the metric system, so the bar was set at 2.29 meters (Brumel's mark was 2.28), which rounds off to 7′ 6¼″.

On his first two jumps, Matzdorf nicked the bar, knocking it off. Heikkila told him he was holding back too long before lifting his trail leg. Then, jumping quickly as he always does—it was his third attempt in less than two minutes—he brushed the bar with his lead leg but had enough arm action to carry the trail leg over. Matzdorf sat up straight on the foam-rubber cushion, his mouth agape at the realization that the trembling bar was not going to topple.

continued

Then he closed his eyes and fell backward. Before he could make one enervated, unsuccessful try at 7′7¼″, the press crowded about him, and Pat Matzdorf was formally—and belatedly—introduced to the world, which took little note, nor long remembered.

Despite his feat, track and field nuts have by no means conceded Matzdorf a gold medal at Munich. As of Jan. 13, Valentin Gavrilov of Russia had cleared 7′1″ or better on 30 occasions, as had Brown; Matzdorf had only done it 12 times. Heikkila, Kestutis Sapka of Russia and Istvan Major of Hungary are other serious threats. Unfortunately, the jumper Matzdorf would most like to face, Ni Chih-chin of the People's Republic of China, will not participate because China has so far refused to join either the International Olympic Committee or the International Amateur Athletic Federation. Ni, who was born on the same day as Brumel, April 14, 1942, has reportedly jumped 7′1″ or better on 26 occasions, 19 of those 7′3″ or better, and has unofficially equaled Matzdorf's world mark (although Matzdorf can lay claim to having jumped higher—7′6⅛″—before the conversion to the next lowest metrical equivalent, as required by IAAF rules). According to *The Peking Review*, Ni trains whispering the thoughts of Chairman Mao and when he made his 7′6¼″, 80,000 spectators chanted, "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."

For the time being, Matzdorf will need all this to contend with his critics. "He will have to show that he can come back and jump 7′4″ or 7′5″ again," says one. "If he can't do it, he may be one of those once-in-a-lifetime jumpers."

Matzdorf is aware of the criticism. Perhaps that is why the jump he is proudest of occurred two weeks after Berkeley, a 7′4″ off a poor surface at the Afro Games in Durham, N.C. The jump silenced some of his critics, not the least of them Pat Matzdorf. But his work is cut out for him. In Baltimore's National Invitational, the first major meet of the 1972 indoor season, Matzdorf cleared 7′1″ for the 13th time, but his jump was only good enough for second as Brown did 7′4″, best ever indoors by an American.

Hopefully, the interest that Matzdorf has renewed in the high jump will not take the form of immaterial quibbling over the relative merits of the bent-knee, straddle and other styles. Matzdorf has the sheer grace of an Earl Monroe or a Gale Sayers, two of his favorite athletes—and if he accomplishes nothing else it should be to remind the world that the high jump offers much in the way of beauty.

Consider its esthetics: the dramatic crescendo of the approach, the furious surge of the takeoff, the sudden grace of the flight, the mortality of the fall. At its best, the high jump achieves the poetic scale it deserves. It is, after all, man's best attempt to defy gravity without artificial assistance.

"There's something about the purity of the jump that I like," says John Dohroth, a law clerk with a personal best of 7′2⅜″, who is one of the event's foremost theoreticians. "The slightest hesitation, the slightest doubt that you can do it overcomes your physical ability. The high jump requires a special kind of skill. If you are jumping at 6′8″, you don't want to jump 7′2″. Unless you're very strong, like Matzdorf or Brumel, the extra effort is wasted. On the other hand, in one sense you never win. Every time a record is set, a jumper keeps going until he misses."

The beauty of the event is an attraction even to those jumpers who cannot articulate it. Brumel could have taken up any event. He chose the high jump because, as he wrote later, "It seemed the most graceful." Matzdorf says, "When you're really jumping, there's something beautiful involved. Instead of just running, it's kind of like floating through the air. It's a good feeling."

Myths have always seemed to haunt the jump. Isn't spring all that is required? Foshury had the worst vertical jump on his high school basketball team. "The important thing is how much lateral speed you can convert to vertical distance," says Dohroth. "It's an application of force over time."

Isn't the jump easy? Pat Dohson, who won eight straight for the Orioles last July, was exasperated when he lost a "Life Saver of the Month" award to Matzdorf. "The kid leaves the earth for half a second," said Dohson, "and he gets the nod over 'The Snake,' who was out there driving a tack every fourth day." What Dohson ignored was Matzdorf's year-round routine of running, weights and hopping up stadium steps.

Patrick Clifford Matzdorf and his pretty August bride, the former Peggy Fiedler, live in a two-story apartment building four miles from downtown Madison. That way, says Matzdorf, if a riot starts on the volatile Wisconsin campus, the Matzdorfs won't be there to smell the gas, as Pat once did. By isolating himself, Matzdorf may also miss out on the advantages of the sweet-smelling capital city of lakes and parks, but it is a price he is willing to pay.

"Pat is naive and young and very nice," says Dohroth. Track and field officialdom agrees. It is touting Pat as an athlete who is loyal, brave, trustworthy, bold, true and, above all, one who won't use his athletic prowess to trumpet radical social views. At Wisconsin, where one must pass under a bar set at 7′6¼″—on the very standards used in Berkeley—to enter the field house, Bill Perrin says, "I've told the alumni that if I had to pick a perfect representative for the university, Pat would be it."

Such characterizations make Matzdorf frown. "First of all, I don't know much about politics," he says in his quiet, almost hushed voice. "I can't talk much about it. But when you hear people talk about other guys, you know, like Bill Skinner, who wears a mustache,

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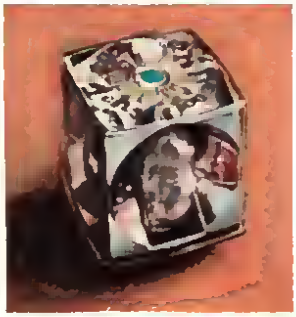

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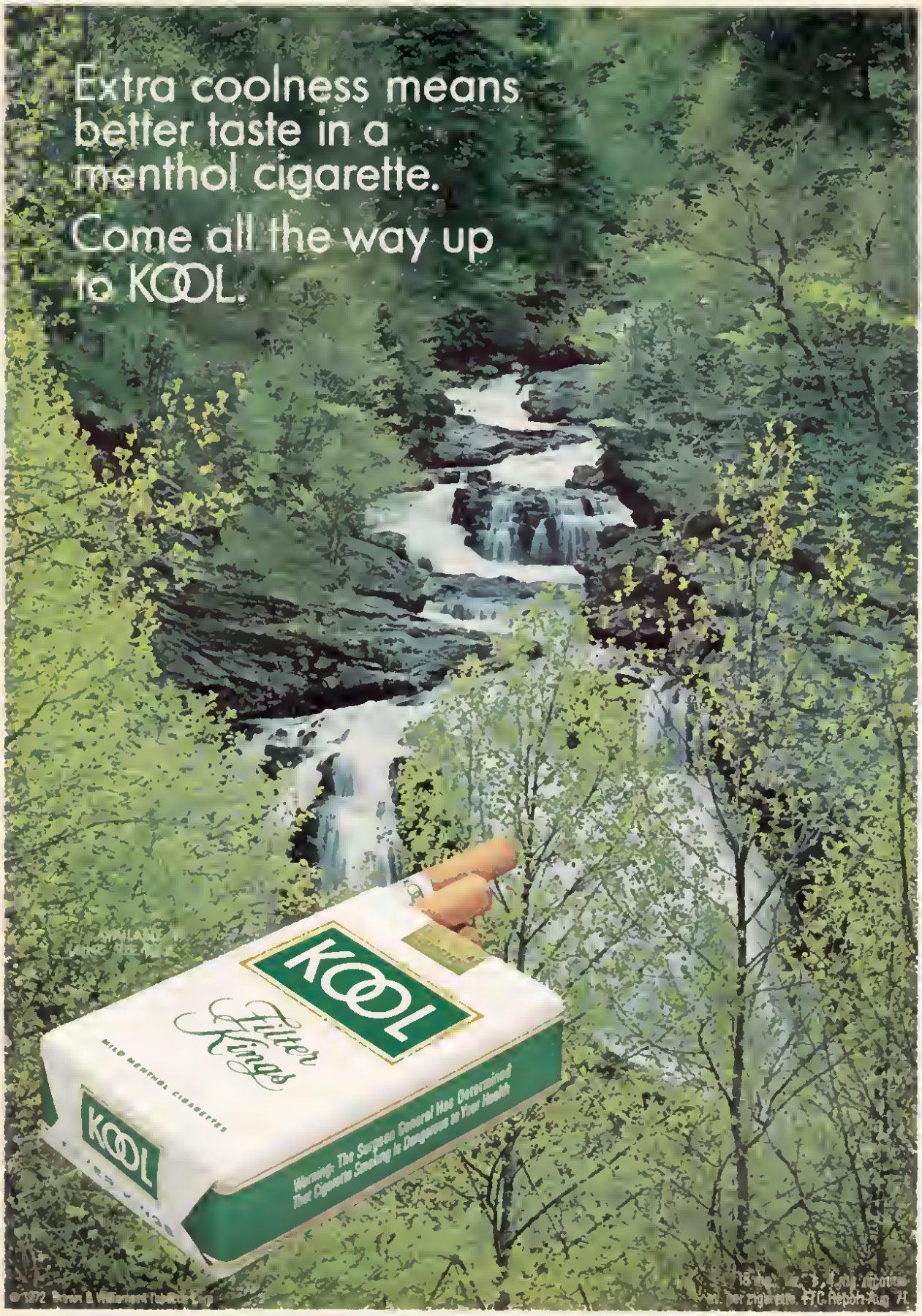
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and they think those guys don't deserve to represent the U.S., I can't see why."

The Matzdorfs spend most of their free time in their one-bedroom apartment. They have no friends in the building, and avoid the fraternity scene. Matzdorf's two major interests, he says, are TV and sports. Matzdorf's day begins at 7:10 a.m., when he drives Peggy to The Madison Newspapers, where she works in the circulation department. He has a heavy class schedule, including five consecutive hours on Monday and Wednesday. "I had to cut a class when the bed came," he says. When he entered Wisconsin he was advised to major in physical education, take 12 hours of courses a week and graduate in five years. Instead he majors in math, averages 15 hours and will graduate after four years this June. He has carried a 3.2 (B-plus) average since high school. It is perhaps indicative of his approach that he enjoys the lectures of a history of science professor who is substantively sound if not the spellbinder so much in vogue.

Between lunch and Peggy's 4:30 quitting time, Matzdorf practices. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays (except before meets) he works on power drills. On Tuesdays and Thursdays he trains less strenuously. He may warm up by walking on his hands, doing short sprints or loping up to the football crossbar from the left side and touching it with his right elbow. In the highlight of the workout, he hops up 20 stadium benches two at a time on one foot, switches to the other foot, and then clears three benches at a time on two feet. He is the ideal size for a high jumper at 6′ 3″, 175, and his legs are so long he has trouble finding pants that fit in Sheboygan. His countenance is evidently remarkable, too. A Cal coed embraced him after the record jump. "You have the face of a madonna," she said.

His Wisconsin teammates see their captain somewhat differently—they consider him decathlon material. "He could pick up a Frisbee and throw it the length of the field—and be accurate," says Mark Winzenried, last year's track captain. Matzdorf once picked up a football in front of some Badger coaches and kicked it 60 yards. They promptly suited him up for a game, but he didn't play and decided that football would take too much time from his jumping.

Matzdorf's image as the Home Town Boy Made Good is buttressed by his association with Sheboygan, a place best known for bratwurst, slow-pitch softball and the song that begins, "Mention my name in Sheboygan, it's the greatest little town in the world." Indeed, the attributes Matzdorf developed there—self-reliance, discipline, perseverance, modesty—are the classical gifts of a small town putting its best foot forward. Sheboygan has reciprocated by marking all the lampposts on its main street with red stripes 7′ 6¼″ above the sidewalk.

Matzdorf's paternal grandfather, a German immigrant, developed pneumonia while laboring in factory drafts and spent the rest of his working days driving spikes into railroad beds. His father Richard, who is a wiry 5′ 7″, often outworks the two assistants who help him haul debris to the city dump. "He always says, 'Do what you can and don't expect to be paid for it,'" says his wife Gertrude, who speaks a dialect called Sheboygan English, *i.e.*, Mutzdorf.

The Matzdorfs are at once stern and permissive parents. If, when they were children, LeRoy, 31, who works in a factory, or Richard Jr., 32, a purchasing agent, came home from school with complaints, they would be asked, "What did you do wrong?" Yet the Matzdorfs had no complaints when their sons married non-Lutherans, and they kid Pat about his mustache, which they do not like. "He's over 21, and he can do what he wants," says his father.

Pat was rarely a discipline problem. "Ah, he was easy to please," Mrs. Matzdorf said the other day. "He even went visiting with us." "We told him to behave at the table," said Mr. Matzdorf. "What else can you do?"

Pat's in-laws are less reserved. Carl Fiedler, the city editor of *The Sheboygan Press*, put out a dummy front page the day Pat and Peggy were married. MATZDORF FALLS! read the banner headline. The story noted that "vows were exchanged after Matzdorf narrowly missed in his attempt to scale the Grace Church rood screen (10′ 8″)."

Something of a loner as a youngster, Pat would take his Boston terrier sledding with him and shovel snow off an outdoor basketball court to practice his shots. He spent so much time throwing a baseball off the side wall of a Red Owl store that the manager finally came out to complain. While a student at a Lutheran grade school, he drifted over to the local YMCA and won its pool and free-throw tournaments. Until he learned the value of thrift, he would ask his father for money to play the games at bratwurst carnivals. "Always doing something, he was," says his mother. Even today Matzdorf says he doesn't read much because "I can't stand still."

He was somewhat reluctant to play team sports, however. He found junior-high football involved too much waiting around. He had to be prodded to try out for basketball in high school, and his track coach, Marv Peterson, had to urge him to come out and jump.

But Matzdorf excelled under conditions of greatest stress. As a forward in basketball he had his best game (33 points) against the state champions and a rival coach called him the finest college prospect in the state. As a high jumper he always seemed to peak for the most important indoor meet, drop down early in the spring and peak for the late outdoor meets. His 6′ 11″ jump in the state meet his senior year set a Wisconsin record, although his most impressive jump may have been one of 6′ 10¾″ on the asphalt parking lot which served as Sheboygan North's makeshift facility.

Matzdorf has no idea where the future will lead him other than to Munich. His lottery number of 173 should enable him to miss the draft, but picking a career leaves him perplexed. "I'm sure there'll be many wonderful opportunities for him," says Winzenried, a close friend. "I have more confidence in him than anyone. The only thing he has to get over is his shyness."

As he brought Peggy to New York for *What's My Line?* and half a dozen other appearances, Matzdorf was prepared to speak frankly about himself and his hangups. He was rarely given a chance. One radio interviewer told his listeners, "It's difficult to put ourselves inside the heart and mind and body of a high jumper." Matzdorf was asked most frequently, "What did you think when you went over the bar?" and most absurdly, "How do you do it?" In the swarm of Madison Avenue sycophants he was embarrassed to say his father drives a truck for the city of Sheboygan. Had he not been so polite he might have told even those who proclaimed him superstar to treat him merely as an athlete who had jumped 7′ 6¼″. He expects that a number of people will break his record. "I hope," says Pat Matzdorf, "to be one of them." **END**

ICE-COLD GAMES AND A SOLID-GOLD GIRL

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

Everything that charm, efficiency, esthetic sensitivity, hard work, pride, clean living, prayers—and lots and lots of money—can do has been done to make the 1972 Olympic Winter Games in Sapporo an unforgettable event. The often-grumpy humor that prevailed in 1968 at Grenoble is long past now, and the Japanese have the Olympic torch. Though much of Sapporo is a sprawl of industrial urbanity, the new Olympic sites approach works of art and the city itself is already prettier than usual, thanks to a radiant display of ice sculpture through its snowy streets.

The Japanese are determined to outdo the world in this Winter Olympics. True, there will be no Charles de Gaulle to appear majestically bareheaded, untouched by the cold as if he had just stepped down from some divine mountaintop, which is what happened last

time. But the Emperor of Japan—who once carried his own intimations of divinity—will grace the ceremonies with his special presence. As the final touches were put to the facilities this month, it was announced that the Japanese so far have spent a staggering total of $31 million on the Sapporo Games—more than any nation in Winter Olympic history, $12.5 million more for installations than was spent in France in 1968. The Sapporo total does not include the $119.5 million that went to pay for the new silent subway system, whose rubber-tired cars have been swooshing since mid-December between the suburban Olympic Village and the heart of town.

In the Village no expense will be spared to make the 2,300 or so athletes and officials feel wanted. Menus will swing from Far Eastern specialties to such staples as hamburgers and milkshakes, all based on a 6,000-calorie-a-day average.

The prestige of Japan is at stake, and mere money is no object. The one unmanageable—and so unpredictable—element, as always, is weather. And there is great fear about that, for not long ago it was forecast that a horrendous *doka yuki*—an extra-heavy blizzard—would bury Sapporo sometime during the Feb. 3 to Feb. 13 period of the Olympics. If this should happen, the Japanese profess to be ready—with men and *money*. They are willing to spend as much as $3.5 million to mount what surely would be the world's most elaborate snow-removal operation. Behind each snowstorm will come a course-packing battalion of up to 3,500 members of the Self Defense Forces, enough army boots to smooth out any downhill or slalom run.

Well, *doka yuki* or no *doka yuki*, the Games will go on, and neither the cast of contestants nor the grand patterns of winter sports are quite the same as before. This time it seems that IOC President Avery Brundage is adamant about stamping out the widespread professionalism in amateur skiing, and possibly most of the finest Alpine and many Nordic racers will not be allowed to march in the grand parades or compete for Olympic medals. Brundage himself has advanced an alternate plan: stage just plain FIS world championship events, without Olympic sanction, on the Sapporo facilities. But the decision will not come until the last minute, and the Japanese, with a huge financial and emotional investment, can only hold their breath until then.

If full-scale Alpine events are held, it is unlikely that any one racer will run everyone off the courses as Jean-Claude

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Killy did with his dramatic triple-medal sweep in 1968. (An outbreak of broken legs and ankles has further diminished that chance, one of the more recent victims being France's slalom artist, Patrick Russel.) International racing power is now more widespread, and there is a good chance this year that as many as six countries could divide the medals.

With the women, a russet-haired, broad-hipped Austrian farm girl named Annemarie Proell is building a splendid prospect of winning two, possibly all three Alpine gold medals, although one or another of France's brilliant little ladies will likely ruin her sweep. Annemarie herself says, "I don't think I can win all three events. The slalom is very steep at the top and not to my liking."

Back in 1968 the Russian cross-country skiers were beaten by the blue-eyed Norwegians. This year the Soviet men will probably win more gold than anybody, and their cross-country ladies, a robust and muscular sorority, are just about invincible. The Russian hockey team is on a par with the Boston Bruins, as usual, and simply cannot be beaten. Indeed, it seems as if this could be a remarkably triumphant Olympics for Communist countries. Even East Germany has been converted into an athlete factory in recent years, drafting promising children and putting them into early training almost as if they were racehorses. The results of it all will be monumentally apparent in Munich this summer, but even at Sapporo the East Germans will probably win an impressive number of medals.

The host Japanese, meanwhile, have never, *ever* won a gold medal in the Winter Games, and, indeed, only one silver. But this year, given the impetus of having their very own Olympics, they have developed two strong contenders, the dazzling ski jumper Yukio Kasaya, who has been superhuman on the European circuit this winter, and Keiichi Suzuki, a surging speed skater.

So much for Olympic power. The U.S. has only marginal hopes of winning any of the ski events, with the possible exception of a slalom medal by one of the Cochran sisters or Tyler Palmer. And another notably uncommon condition that has dampened U.S. hopes is the fact that an American is not favored to win a gold medal in figure skating. This appears to be the year for Trixie Schuba of Austria, and this country's two shiniest stars—Julie Lynn Holmes and Janet Lynn—must simply wait their turn for first place.

But all is not lost. The U.S. still has a strong chance for a gold medal in the person of a childlike 16-year-old named Annie Henning (*see cover*), whose game is speed skating. Possibly—if Annie Henning and certain of her teammates succeed in Sapporo somewhat beyond their dreams—the name of a small town in Illinois could become almost as famous for its skaters as Sparta once was for its soldiers.

If it chose to do so, the town of Northbrook, Ill. could post at its limits one of those ebullient booster billboards so common to the Midwest—HAY CAPITAL OF THE WORLD or SOYBEAN MECCA OF THE UPPER MIDWEST. Northbrook's sign would proclaim HOME OF AMERICA'S WINTER OLYMPIC HOPES or even NATIONAL INCUBATOR OF THE U.S. SPEED SKATER. And it would be true, for Northbrook—a neat and affluent and almost elegant suburb of Chicago, with some 27,000 white-collar souls in residence—is sending no less than five of its children to the Olympic Games in Sapporo with the 17-member U.S. speed-skating team. Annie Henning and Dianne Holum and Leah Poulos, all of whom have won medals in world competition, and Neil Blatchford and Greg Lyman, all live in Northbrook, Ill., and all have made the American Olympic team.

But Northbrook is not the kind of a town for signs; the tone of boosterism cuts against the grains which run through proper bedroom suburbs such as this. (Well, the Chamber of Commerce stationery does plug Northbrook as "The Skating Capital of America.") The population of the town has doubled in the last 10 years. There are few stately old homes and fewer stately old trees, for Northbrook was only recently nothing but cold Illinois prairie—a stretch of bleak cornfields and frozen pastures. The place is snug and costly now, and when the community proclaims its pride in its skaters, it does so with cash rather than with self-advertisements—the town chipped in $2,600 last fall to send its skating offspring to Europe for a month of training. The best returns on Northbrook's investment should come from Annie Henning and Dianne Holum, two young ladies who live less than a mile away from each other yet who could scarcely be farther apart in their approaches to sport—and to life.

Annie is a pixielike high school junior who is sunny and relaxed, a curly-haired blonde with a sweet smile, an apostle of the luck that resides in a Snoopy doll and of the restorative powers of Peter Pan peanut butter. Though she is still a child, no one on earth is Annie Henning's equal at the intense bursts of speed required to excel in the 500-meter sprint. She broke her own world record over that distance three weeks ago, winning an international race in Switzerland in 42.5. Her coach, Ed Rudolph, another Northbrook citizen, who is a landscape contractor by profession and the town park commissioner by avocation when he is not coaching speed skaters, says bluntly: "They may as well carve Annie's name on the gold medal right now. Unless she breaks a leg or gets the measles, she simply cannot lose the 500." But further, Annie also might win a longer race, the 1,000-meter event, since the day after setting the 500 record she went out and clipped .4 off the world mark for that distance, as well.

Despite her elfin features, Annie Henning is an impressively strong young lady, blessed with a speed skater's classic powerful thighs. The woman Annie will one day become has not yet quite taken over from the little girl she was—or from the tomboy she remains. She is a fine swimmer, skier, sailor and backlot baseball player, and until this season she was a radiant star halfback for her undefeated intramural Powder Puff football team; in fact, she scored five touchdowns in the 1970 Powder Puff Super Bowl. Now, due to her Olympic obligations, Annie has had to forgo her football career. She says, sadly, "I miss Powder Puff more than I miss going to dances or staying up late at night."

Naturally, the life of a world-class speed skater is not exactly the same routine existence as a run-of-the-mill Northbrook teen-ager. Before she left for Europe last month, Annie spent at least four intensive, exhausting hours a day

skating at the West Allis, Wis. rink, a full-hour commute each way. She is not in school now, though she plans to graduate with her class of '73 by making up courses in the summer. Annie's rigorous training for the Olympics began last April with jogging and bicycling around the Illinois countryside. Because there are such throngs of speed-skating hopefuls in Northbrook, these sessions actually become enjoyably social. "We jogged in big groups and we'd talk about things and, you know, watch sunsets and pick apples if we saw some. It was sort of fun—nothing like the kind of hard training swimmers go through. They put in all those hours and have all that pressure on them."

Whatever pressures international skating has placed upon the shoulders of Annie Henning, they do not seem to rise from her home. Her parents—father Bill is a hospital consultant, mother Joanne a nursery-school teacher—are pleasant, rather low-key people, owners of one of Northbrook's more modest homes. They show no overt signs of that dread hunger which drives some parents to feed obsessively on the stardom of their children. Indeed, Annie's star seems to have risen with only the most casual kind of parental push. Her father was asked if the family had held long and intense councils to decide whether the child Annie should commit herself to scaling the heights of skating, and he said, coolly: "No, it was no huge debate. This sort of thing doesn't need to create a world crisis. There was no compulsion about it, we just want Annie to do it only as long as she enjoys it. If she needs our support, we're here to give it. This is sport—not a lifetime career."

The Henning backing does extend beyond the merely moral; Bill Henning contributes about $2,000 a year for training and equipment expenses out of his own wallet. He raises his eyebrows and shrugs: "It's not deductible either."

Nevertheless, Annie's exposure to the far horizons of the world through skating are considered a true educational dividend. Says Annie, "Being around all these different kinds of people, you learn so much more than if you just stayed home in Northbrook. You grow up a lot more—really, you do."

Well, Annie has been to Europe four times now, learned to speak a smattering of French, Dutch and German. She sips her glass of dinner wine with ladylike aplomb. She is famous. She gets requests for autographs from Europe—some addressed simply, "Anne Henning, Northbrook by Chicago." And, of course, she has grown up a lot more—well, quite a lot more. Annie still will not skate unless she wears a faded knit cap once owned by her brother, and she will not skate without a small Snoopy pin stuck to her uniform, and she will not travel without a love-bedraggled stuffed Snoopy doll and she will not feel at all comfortable away from home unless she has at least three jars of peanut butter stashed in her luggage.

During dinner in a Northbrook restaurant recently, Annie said, "Everything I am today I owe to Snoopy and peanut butter." First giggling as if she were a Brownie scout, she then sipped with dignity at her small glass of red wine as if she were already crowned an Olympic queen.

Of course, it is the smoothly organized speed-skating program in Northbrook that has really brought Annie Henning near the peak of winning an Olympic gold medal. She began wobbling about on skates with her mother when she was four, then at the age of 10 entered the speed-skating program. It is run by Ed Rudolph, the park commissioner, but definitely it was Ed Rudolph the world-class speed-skating coach who discovered Annie's magnificent talents at the sport. "She was a genius on skates," he said. Big Ed Rudolph is a kindly bear of a fellow who moved to Northbrook 35 years ago and grew wealthy with his landscaping business as the former cornfields were transformed with hedges and shrubs and rock gardens. He is coaching the U.S. Olympic team this year along with John Werket of Minneapolis. In recalling his first glance at Annie on skates, Ed said, "When I saw her skate six years ago, I saw nothing but gold medals dancing before my eyes. She was born for it."

Rudolph has trained Annie ever since, and he is still so smitten by her abilities that he flatly—and frequently—predicts that she will repeat the stunning performance of the incomparable Russian, Lydia Skoblikova, who swept all four speed-skating gold medals at the 1964 Olympics in Innsbruck.

The very outspokenness of Rudolph about Annie is one big reason for a rift that has opened in the middle of Northbrook's tight little island of speed skaters. Last year Rudolph said, "Annie is the fastest skater in the world." For months the parents of Dianne Holum did not speak to him and relations are still strained. Dianne and Leah Poulos went to Holland to train with the Dutch last fall.

Well, Ed Rudolph was proved right in 1971 when Annie Henning did, indeed, win the 500-meter sprint in the world meet in Helsinki. She was the *fastest*, all right. But Dianne Holum also won a gold medal there—in the 1,000-meter race—then went on to win a bronze in the 1,500-meter event and finish fourth in the standings for the coveted overall world championship. This title is awarded on the basis of a combined total of results in four events, and many—perhaps even most—speed skaters consider it a far more prestigious victory than anything even the Olympics can offer.

During the Games of Grenoble, Dianne Holum was America's teen-age darling, for she was just 16 then, too. She had astonished everyone the year before by finishing third overall in the world meet. At Grenoble, skating under enormous pressure, she tied (with two other American girls) for the silver medal in the 500, then won a surprising bronze in the 1,000. In Sapporo, Dianne could win a medal in the 1,000 and in the 1,500, as well as in the strenuous 3,000, for she is a fierce and gifted competitor. She is dedicated to her sport as if it were a religion; she is relatively slim, with long dark brown hair, a pretty face and an intensity toward skating that is almost grim. She wore a small and constant frown during an interview recently at her parents' quite luxurious home in Northbrook, and there was a burning glow in her eyes that practically gave off heat. She said she had decided to train in Holland because there was a "better atmosphere"—meaning, she said, "They believe in working *hard*. They believe in being *tough* in their programs. Over here, you rest and stand around and talk and gossip. In Holland, there's no time to talk, no time for funny stuff. I loved it."

Dianne was asked about her personal sacrifices for skating, about limited schooling and the truncated social life that has resulted from her determination to win. She said softly, "Ah, I suppose it is a sacrifice, but it's worth it. I didn't go to one single party all summer long.

continued

And I missed school [DuPage Junior College in Glen Ellyn, Ill.] during March, April and May. In June I was training six days a week, three to four hours a day. I was alone, with no one to interrupt me. I trained at night in the summer because it was too hot during the day. I don't mind the sacrifices. I have years ahead of me. I'll probably quit serious skating after this year, but I want a gold medal in the Olympics and I want to win the overall world championship. Those are my goals."

Whether the frisky Miss Henning or the ascetic Miss Holum—or both—can bring back the titles from Japan remains to be seen. Yet whatever happens, it is still something of a surprise to many Americans to find that speed skating, a rather esoteric and unfamiliar sport to most, is this nation's best, and possibly *only*, hope for an Olympic triumph. The fact is that speed skating has always accounted for as many U.S. medals as any other sport: since the Winter Olympics began in 1924, the U.S. has won seven gold medals at speed skating while all other sports combined accounted for just 16. Of the seven medals this country won in 1968 at Grenoble, five were won by speed skaters. This is even more of a surprise when one considers that the U.S. really has no business at all being any kind of a force in this game. "The U.S. is a speed-skating ghetto," says Jeanne Omelenchuk, the longtime speedster who is a three-time Olympian and, at 40, the *grande dame* of the sport.

Outside of such rare places as Northbrook, Olympic-style speed skating has almost no following at all, and very few kids even try it. The American style of speed-skating racing is to charge off from the start in one chaotic, windmilling pack. The European style, which is practiced in all world events, is monumentally civilized by comparison: contestants race in pairs against the stopwatch, with the best time among all entries the winner. Thus any American in international competition must adjust to an entirely different kind of race.

Beyond that, the only standard competition racing rink in the U.S.—indeed, the only one in the entire Western Hemisphere—is one of the tackiest and most depressing-looking sports facilities anywhere. It is located in West Allis, Wis., a dreary suburb of Milwaukee. The rink was built in 1966 on the state fairgrounds, just off Route 94, and it cost $585,720. A fairground may be a gay and festive place when the fair is in progress, but there are no fairs in Milwaukee in the winter; the setting around the rink is bleak, an assortment of empty cattle barns and snow-crusted grandstand seats and great tundralike areas of open ground where the winds from Green Bay howl and moan without interruption. Beneath the damp sky of a Wisconsin winter afternoon, it is a sight calculated to plant gloom in the heart of happy Hans Brinker himself.

In 1970 West Allis was the site of the world championship, and the foreign skaters were simply benumbed by the place. Crowds never reached more than 1,500; in Norway, even small meets between villages often attract 7,000 or 8,000, and in Russia mobs of 100,000 are not uncommon for championship meets. In The Netherlands (which alone boasts 20 artificial rinks, seven of them classic Olympic size), the excitement over speed skating is not unlike Super Bowl fever in America. The Dutch coach Leen Pfrommer sadly surveyed the huddled handful who turned out at West Allis, shrugged and said, "During a big meet in my country, you can drive 100 miles per hour through all the towns in Holland because nobody is on the streets. They are all watching the skating on television." Speed skaters are national heroes in Holland, and many become rich for life when they retire and cash in on their reputations. Recently, the splendid Ard Schenk, who set six world records last year, was honored in a noble fashion that few Dutchmen have ever experienced: a specially grown tulip was named after him.

The U.S. has no such rewards for its speed skaters. There are not even huge ice-revue contracts, such as figure skaters habitually receive. No endorsements. Nor very much except the glory of the victory itself. Indeed, though they are both world medalists, Annie Henning and Dianne Holum are required to pay $20 for a six-week pass to use the rink in West Allis.

Ah, well, perhaps that much will change if they come skating back with the gold from Sapporo.

The form sheet for Olympic favorites has become a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED tradition. On the pages that follow are the prime prospects for medals, presented in gold, silver and bronze sequence.

Speed skating fans have been waiting since 1952 to see a men's triple-medal sweep in their sport—and this might be the year for it. The one to do it is powerful Ard Schenk (*right*), holder of six world records, world champ for the past two years and the pride of The Netherlands. In fact, the indestructible Schenk ("He isn't even human," says a teammate) might even medal in a fourth event, the 500 meters. However, he faces Japan's Keiichi Suzuki and Takayuki Hida, the top homemade heroes in this event, plus 1968 winner Erhard Keller of East Germany, Sweden's Hasse Borjes, Finland's Leo Linkovesi and America's steady Neil Blatchford. Blatchford did not win a medal at Grenoble but now, 26 years old and stronger, he looks faster than ever.

In the women's races American superstars Anne Henning and Dianne Holum will meet the traditionally tough Dutch and Russians, but insiders are betting on Henning to win the 500 and then battle Holum for the 1,000. These predicted victories won't come easily: East Germany's Ruth Schleiermacher and Russia's Ludmila Titova will be challenging in both events, and this year Titova has help from Vera Krasnova in the sprints and the undeniably hefty Nina Statkevich, the 1971 world champion, in the distances. Still, in no other sport have the American girls ever looked as good. Here are the predictions:

MEN'S 500-METER
Keiichi Suzuki, Japan
Erhard Keller, East Germany
Hasse Borjes, Sweden

MEN'S 1,500-METER
Ard Schenk, Netherlands
Kees Verkerk, Netherlands
Goran Claeson, Sweden

MEN'S 5,000-METER
Ard Schenk, Netherlands
Dag Fornaess, Norway
Goran Claeson, Sweden

MEN'S 10,000-METER
Ard Schenk, Netherlands
Sten Stensen, Norway
Jan Bols, Netherlands

WOMEN'S 500-METER
Anne Henning, U.S.A.
Ruth Schleiermacher, East Germany
Vera Krasnova, U.S.S.R.

WOMEN'S 1,000-METER
Anne Henning, U.S.A.
Ludmila Titova, U.S.S.R.
Dianne Holum, U.S.A.

WOMEN'S 1,500-METER
Atje Keulen-Deelstra, Netherlands
Nina Statkevich, U.S.S.R.
Dianne Holum, U.S.A.

WOMEN'S 3,000-METER
Nina Statkevich, U.S.S.R.
Atje Keulen-Deelstra, Netherlands
Sippie Tigchelaar, Netherlands

SPEED SKATING

In spite of the current ruckus over amateurism and eligibility there is a surety one can bet on: if the Nordic events are diluted in the Olympics, the Russians will win practically everything in sight. And if the Nordic events survive intact, the Russians will win everything in sight anyway. Back in the Olympic old days, Scandinavian nations had the sport locked, right up until 1968, but in the 1970 world championships, Russia became the No. 1 Nordic nation, with East Germany powering along just behind. Now the Soviets, after collecting the biggest bag of medals at Vysoke Tatry behind the brilliant performances of cross-country king Vjaceslav Vedenin, a bevy of unbeatable women and a handsome jumper named Garij Napalkov, can be expected to make an even stronger showing at Sapporo. Backing the 29-year-old Vedenin, a tough, tenacious little man who trains harder than anybody, are Vladimir Voronkov, 26, who has emerged as one of the best sprinters in the world; Fjodor Simasov, 25; and Juri Skobov, a 22-year-old who could be the surprise of Sapporo. With the women, the only question is in which order Nina Fjodorova, Galina Kulakova and Alevtina Oljunina will collect their medals. The lone threat to this fearsome trio is Finland's 33-year-old Marjatta Kajosmaa, who beat the Russians several times last year.

In the biathlon the Russians have an unbeatable relay team, and their star in the individual event, Alexander Tikhonov, is said to be merely great. East Germany's best man is Gerhard Grimmer, a 28-year-old cross-country powerhouse. "He combines brute force with splendid technique and a very strong will," says his coach. And his teammate, Gert-Dietmar Klause, called "the smiling cross-country racer," is not far behind. East Germany also has an ace in the Nordic combined, Karl-Heinz Luck, although he will be hard pressed to beat Rauno Miettinen of Finland, who won all the important competitions last year. As for the great Tikhonov, he faces a challenge in the biathlon from East Germany's Dieter Speer, who beat him last year, barely, in the world championships—and Tikhonov has not forgotten.

Meanwhile, the Norwegians have been talking about a comeback with new talent, but their team still relies mainly on the same older men who were beaten by Vedenin and Grimmer in 1970—with the exception of 20-year-old Ivar Formo, last year's sprint sensation. Thus, oldtimer Odd Martinsen may once again be Norway's best bet for a medal. Sweden and Finland are counting on younger racers. Finland's 23-year-old Juha Mieto, at 6′ 3″ perhaps the tallest Nordic at Sapporo, is considered a top sprinter who has at last become consistent. Sweden has two medal prospects for the shorter races in Sven Ake Lundback and Lars Goran Aslund and a tough distance com-

petitor at his peak in Lars-Arne Bolling.

In the jumping events tradition has it that when a jumper is hot he often wins on both hills—and here is Japan's chance to win two gold medals. Yukio Kasaya has been sizzling since he won on the 70-meter hill at Sapporo last year. Russia's Napalkov, the man without nerves, and Norway's Ingolf Mork should be his most dangerous opponents. As for the U.S. team, there is a real chance this year for the first Nordic medal ever. It could go to Jim Miller of Mexico, Maine in the Nordic combined. Miller is a well-balanced, consistent jumper and skier who could surprise everybody when the points are totaled. Here are the picks.

MEN'S 15-KM
Vladimir Voronkov, U.S.S.R.
Juha Mieto, Finland
Odd Martinsen, Norway

MEN'S 30-KM
Gerhard Grimmer, East Germany
Fjodor Simasov, U.S.S.R.
Vjaceslav Vedenin, U.S.S.R.

MEN'S 50-KM
Vjaceslav Vedenin, U.S.S.R.
Gerhard Grimmer, East Germany
Lars-Arne Bolling, Sweden

MEN'S 4-X-10 RELAY
U.S.S.R.
Sweden
East Germany

WOMEN'S 5-KM
Nina Fjodorova, U.S.S.R.
Galina Kulakova, U.S.S.R.
Alevtina Oljunina, U.S.S.R.

WOMEN'S 10-KM
Marjatta Kajosmaa, Finland
Alevtina Oljunina, U.S.S.R.
Galina Kulakova, U.S.S.R.

WOMEN'S 3-X-5 RELAY
U.S.S.R.
Finland
Norway

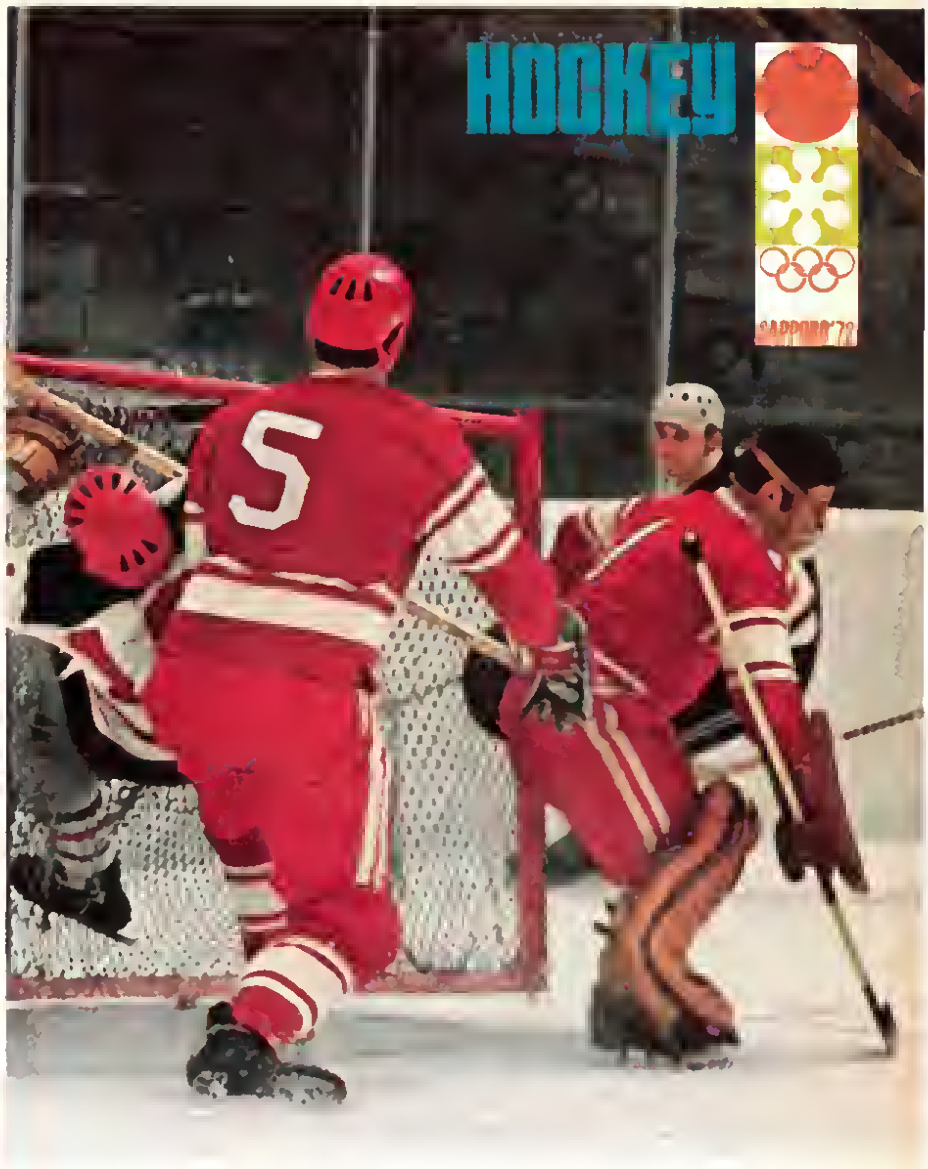
70-METER JUMP
Yukio Kasaya, Japan
Ingolf Mork, Norway
Rudolf Hohnl, Czechoslovakia

90-METER JUMP
Yukio Kasaya, Japan
Garij Napalkov, U.S.S.R.
Jiri Raska, Czechoslovakia

NORDIC COMBINED
Rauno Miettinen, Finland
Karl-Heinz Luck, East Germany
Jim Miller, U.S.A.

BIATHLON
Alexander Tikhonov, U.S.S.R.
Dieter Speer, East Germany
Magnar Solberg, Norway

BIATHLON RELAY
U.S.S.R.
Norway
Finland



Russia has dominated hockey for so long—nine straight world and two Olympic championships—that it practically owns permanent possession of the sport. It seems the only thing that can beat the Soviets is another Red Star team and, surprisingly, that might be the answer this year. Rumor has it that Russia is developing one team for the Olympics and another for the world meet in April, and this might lead to some dilution. Further, such familiar Soviet stars as Alexander Ragulin and Vitali Davidow are now in their 30s and slowing down, and experienced goaltender Victor Konovalenko has retired. However, U.S. Coach Murray Williamson, once an All-America at Minnesota, says Russia is still the one to watch: "When Coach Anatoli Tarasov retires, Russia will be vulnerable. But not until then." No matter which team goes to Sapporo, Russia should breeze to another gold medal. The real contest will be for the silver and bronze. The Czechs, nicknamed "The Crown Princes" after finishing second in the last Olympics and 1971 world championships, will face a battle for second this time from Sweden and Finland. In the U.S., meanwhile, it is the same old story: a young, inexperienced, unpredictable team. For the first time in 10 years the club is made up mostly of American collegians with no naturalized Canadians. Three of the strongest players were lost to the NHL last year, now the team's average age is under 22. They could be ready, but an upset like the one that stunned Squaw Valley in 1960 seems unlikely. Fifth place is more like it. The selections:

U.S.S.R.
Czechoslovakia
Sweden

FIGURE SKATING

Of all Olympic sports, figure skating is the hardest to handicap: the game is rampant with politics, nationalistic judging and an odd scoring system whereby the school figures count exactly as much as the exciting free-skating finale. At the world championships last year spectators booed loudly, unable to understand why America's dynamic Janet Lynn lost to lackluster Austrian Beatrix Schuba, but the grading system was to blame. Worse than that, Olympic judges are traditionally reluctant to unseat world champions—who always seem to retire with their medals after the Games to join ice show revues in a marvel of sustained coincidence. Faced with such hard facts, one must resolutely pick defending world titlists Schuba, Czechoslovakia's Ondrej Nepela and Russia's Irina Rodnina and Sergei Ulanov for all the gold medals. If this set pattern should change, certainly the team to watch is the U.S. pair of Ken Shelley and Jo Jo Starbuck (*left*), who are talented far beyond their ranking but seemingly assigned to wait their turn for the title. In the women's events the mechanical Schuba will undoubtedly come out of the school figures with enough of a lead to sweep the finals, no matter how dazzling Janet Lynn's subsequent free-skating performance. Another strong U.S. contender is Julie Lynn Holmes, often described as a "happy Peggy Fleming," and trained by Peggy's coach, Carlo Fassi, who is noted for turning out champions. Both U.S. girls will be challenged by Canadian Karen Magnussen, whose only problem has been inconsistency. In the men's competition, the world's best freewheeling, high-bounding skater is American John Misha Petkevich, but this Harvard pre-med student always seems to come out of the preliminaries too far behind to catch up. Patrick Pera of France still appears to be the best prospect for a silver medal, but if he falters look to Petkevich or East Germany's Jan Hoffmann, a 16-year-old whiz in the style of Scotty Allen, U.S. bronze medalist in 1964. Finally, Russia also has produced a candidate in Sergei Chetverukhin. The result: this might be the no-gold-medal year for U.S. figure skaters. Here are the picks with just one hedge: in figure skating, never figure the judges.

MEN
Ondrej Nepela, Czechoslovakia
Patrick Pera, France
Jan Hoffmann, East Germany

WOMEN
Beatrix Schuba, Austria
Janet Lynn, U.S.A.
Julie Lynn Holmes, U.S.A.

PAIRS
Rodnina-Ulanov, U.S.S.R.
Starbuck-Shelley, U.S.A.
Smirnova-Suraikin, U.S.S.R.

After taking two gold medals in 1968 Eugenio Monti retired—but Italy raises bobsledders like Russia breeds hockey players, and Italy is strongest again, followed by West Germany, Switzerland and Austria. The U.S. has not won a medal since 1956 but driver Paul Lamey (sixth at Grenoble) says, "We have a chance. Only fractions of seconds will separate the medalists in Japan." In the luge the men's competition will focus on the Germanys and Austria. With the women, Poland's Barbara Piecha and Italy's 1968 gold medalist, Erika Leichner, could break up the German monopoly. The selections:

BOBSLED
TWO-MAN
Gaspari-Armano, Italy
Floth-Bader, West Germany
Wicki-Hubacher, Switzerland

FOUR-MAN
Italy
Switzerland
West Germany

LUGE
SINGLE, MEN
Josef Fendt, West Germany
Hans Scheidl, East Germany
Manfred Schmid, Austria

DOUBLE, MEN
Schmid-Walch, Austria
Bredow-Hornlein, East Germany
Brandner-Schwarm, West Germany

SINGLE, WOMEN
Elisabeth Demleitner, West Germany
Ute Roehrold, East Germany
Margit Schumann, East Germany

Austria's 1971 World Cup champ Annemarie Proell is strong, fierce—and favorite.

Favorite downhiller in the field is Bernhard Russi, Switzerland's bet for a gold medal

Alpine skiing enters the Winter Games wearing an air of upset. Most of the top stars don't know—and may not know until the last minute—whether or not they'll race or watch the races. But further, the peculiar terrain of Sapporo has the experts puzzled. The men's downhill starts and finishes with the steepest straightaway schusses ever; the giant slaloms and slaloms also fall away sharply, and this year it seems best to bet on the acrobats over the boomers. Favorite of the premier downhill event is Switzerland's Bernhard Russi, both acrobat and boomer, but the French front line of Jean-Noel Augert, Henri Duvillard and Alain Penz also will be strong. Italy's World Cup champion Gustav Thoni (*center*) is foremost in the slaloms—and secretly hopes he is strong enough in downhill to go for a medal sweep, à la Toni Sailer in 1956 and Jean-Claude Killy in 1968. (Slalom, yes. Giant slalom, yes. Three medals, no.) Augert also has slalom medals in mind, but on a good day U.S. whiz kid Tyler Palmer could surprise them all. In the women's division 18-year-old Annemarie Proell might well become the first to win three gold medals. The main obstacles in the way of this strong Austrian miss are Françoise Macchi, Michèle Jacot, Isabelle Mir and Britt Lafforgue, all from France. Still, when in doubt, go with Annemarie. Both Barbara and Marilyn Cochran could bring home U.S. silver or bronze slalom medals—and Alpine Director Willy Schaeffler insists the hottest tip of all is little Cindy Nelson, a 16-year-old bomber from Minnesota. Nobody knows Cindy now. Maybe they will after Sapporo. The form sheet:

MEN'S DOWNHILL
Bernhard Russi, Switzerland
Henri Duvillard, France
Karl Schranz, Austria

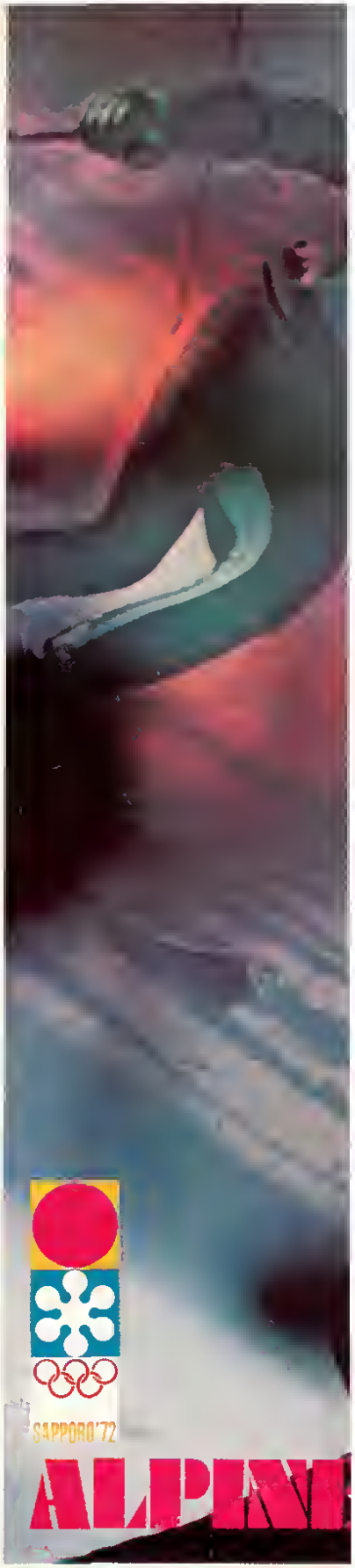
MEN'S GIANT SLALOM
Gustav Thöni, Italy
Jean-Noël Augert, France
Christian Neureuther, West Germany

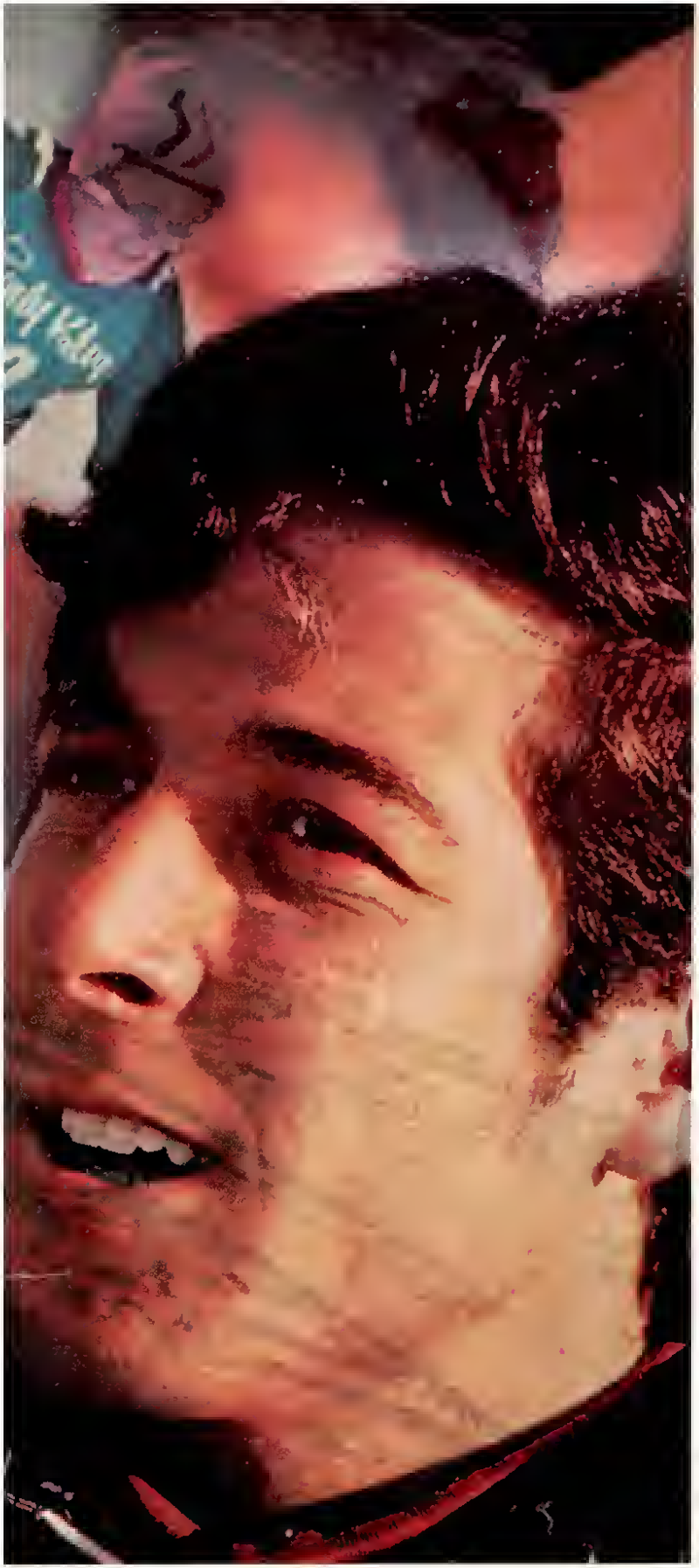
MEN'S SLALOM
Gustav Thöni, Italy
Jean-Noël Augert, France
Tyler Palmer, U.S.A.

WOMEN'S DOWNHILL
Annemarie Proell, Austria
Françoise Macchi, France
Isabelle Mir, France

WOMEN'S GIANT SLALOM
Annemarie Proell, Austria
Françoise Macchi, France
Marilyn Cochran, U.S.A.

WOMEN'S SLALOM
Michèle Jacot, France
Barbara Cochran, U.S.A.
Annemarie Proell, Austria





Hottest skier of the season is Françoise Macchi, young French World Cup leader.

France also counts on slender Michèle Jacot, 20, to hold the line against Austria.

SAPPORO '72
continued

ONE SKI, TWO SKI, THREE SKI—ALL SKI

It is a far piece from lollipop races on good old Mount Ascutney above Brownsville, Vt. to the Olympic slaloms on Mount Eniwa above Sapporo, but the U.S. Skiing Family Cochran is making the full circuit. As things stand now, if there are any American medals to be won in Alpine events in Japan, the chances are mighty good that the winner will be named Cochran. One, two, three or perhaps—with a combination of outlandish good luck and the IOC disqualification of major racers from Europe—even *four* Cochrans.

True, it is a snowy long shot. Lindy, the youngest at 18, is still developing world-class status. She is not on the Olympic first string, but has placed as high as fourth in tough European competition and would be ready to step in if an injury opened a spot on the team. And Bobby, 20, the only boy in the gang, is fighting off the effects of a painfully wrenched ankle, although he won the U.S. National men's championship last winter in Aspen and has consistently finished as one of the promising U.S. downhillers on the international circuit this season.

But then, along comes Marilyn, soon to be 22, and also Barbara Ann, just turned 21—and they have been among the four or five best women ski racers on earth for the past couple of years. Both are good enough to win some sort of medal in the Olympic slalom or giant slalom.

Medals aside, it is still impressive to find that four children from one modest, two-story farmhouse set beside the Winooski River near Richmond, Vt. have excelled in a sport to a degree that all of them are representing the U.S. in world-class competition at the same time. It is more than impressive—it is unprecedented in the sport.

American skiing has always been an activity gone the family way: in the past 10 years alone there have been Buddy and Skeeter Werner, Chuck and Barbara Ferries, Penny and Pancho McCoy, Judy and Cathy Nagel, Rick and Suzy Chaffee. This year there are Sandy and Eric Poulsen, plus Terry and Tyler Palmer. But never has there been such a crowd from one household as Gordon S. (Mickey) Cochran and his wife Virginia have sent off to the starting gates.

Three sisters with a single goal: Marilyn, Lindy, Barbara Ann of skiing's Cochrans.

It all began in 1960 when Mickey Cochran found a couple of hundred acres of fine, steep hillside behind that little farmhouse in Richmond. He strung up an inexpensive, but definitely efficient, 400-foot rope tow to the top of the family mountain, eventually added a small battery of lights to the hillside so the kids could train long after Vermont's early winter darkness, and began to polish his children to a skiing brilliance that would form the nucleus of U.S. Alpine hopes. More recently, he installed a second 1,200-foot tow, completing a tiny Cochran skiing circus. Some folks have characterized his insistence on excellence as being a bit Svengalian. One woman whose daughter visited the Cochrans a couple of years ago told *Skiing* magazine: "She went to Richmond to spend a few days with them—a little vacation, she thought. She came home early. 'My God, Mother,' she told me, 'that place is a *training camp*. We were up at six to cycle for 20 miles, then play tennis, then run some more miles, then lift weights all afternoon. That's what they do for fun—lift weights. I had to come home to get some rest.' "

The Cochrans bristle at insinuations that they are simply products of Mickey's ambitions. ("I don't think the kids ever got up at six a.m.," says Mrs. Cochran.) "Our parents never forced us to ski," says Bobby. "When we were really young, we started in the lollipop races at Mount Ascutney, and everybody got a lollipop for just finishing the race. Ski racing was something we did without even thinking about it."

Nevertheless, the Cochrans nearly always outclassed the field, and often they were their own major rivals. "We were all very competitive," recalls Marilyn, "Until I was 12 or 13, I could beat Bobby and a lot of the other boys—and I could beat Barbara even when I fell. When she finally did beat me, I was flabbergasted."

The Cochrans are veterans now of all sorts of public attention. Marilyn is the most articulate and outspoken—and the most aggressive—of the girls. She recently stopped eating potatoes, bread and her beloved chocolate bars and lost 20 pounds. She is quite changed. In the past Marilyn was celebrated for her finish-line outbursts—soaking rivers of tears—when she lost a race. She is still known to loose an errant sob now and then. But she says, "I'd like to do well in the World Cup and the Olympics, but I'm not going to condemn myself for the rest of my life if I happen not to be the world's best at something."

Barbara Ann, blonde and diminutive (5′ ½″, 112 pounds) and given to a lot of giggling, is not so much for dwelling on her personal philosophy or on self-analysis beyond the facts and possibilities of racing. She feels that she may have a better chance to bring home a gold medal than many experts might think. "It is very steep at the top of the Sapporo slalom, and I usually make good turns when it's steep—and I keep making good turns when I come off the steep. It's hard for us to ski in Europe, and it's hard for the Europeans to ski in North America. In Sapporo we should all be even."

The Skiing Family Cochran could continue to be a force in world skiing for some years to come. Hank Tauber, the U.S. women's coach, says, "The Cochrans have a confidence thing. They come from a little town, and now they are traveling all over the world. It took them some time to adjust to that, but they have now. Barbara and Marilyn both have a tendency to come out of the woodwork in important races, when the chips are really down. With the environment in Sapporo being not unlike the Eastern U.S., I believe either one could win a gold medal. They've never been better prepared." **END**

PEOPLE

◆

Something new has been added to la vie en roads, as played by Renaults and Citroëns in Paris. **Robert Duvsard,** director of the Road and Highway System there, has been experimenting with a new kind of traffic signal, a sort of digital clock that looks like the timers used for ticking off the seconds in basketball and hockey. The clock will tell Parisian pedestrians how many seconds they have to make it from curb to curb. Now all they need is a tote board to handicap their chances.

◆ Who should turn up in the cast of *Nutcracker Suite* at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre for a one-night guest appearance but the NHL's **Jacques Plante,** dressed like a wooden soldier, high-topped boots, striped pants and all. Goaltender Plante played a stretcher bearer, which might be an omen for the Maple Leafs—but probably isn't.

When-The-Puck-Comes-Over-The-Blue-Line Dept. Everybody seems to have a good-luck thing going with the national anthem these days. A couple of years ago the Los Angeles Rams claimed they rarely lost when TV star **Jim Nabors** sang it before their games. This season the Louisville basketball players said they preferred to remain in the dressing room during the anthem because that brought them luck. Now the Philadelphia Flyers hockey team has decided that its talisman is **Kate Smith** and her rendition of *God Bless America*. Whenever it is played before games, instead of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, the Flyers do well. Somebody figured it up last week and discovered the team's record on *God Bless America* nights for the last three years was 18-1-1, considerably better than its 58-92-49 overall record. In fact, after one game recently a few of the players showed their gratitude in the dressing room by singing a lusty chorus of something called "God Bless Miss Smith."

The coolest expedition of the year promises to be a seven-man trip by snowmobile from central Minnesota to Moscow—the one in Russia. Organizer of the snowmobile jaunt is **Bill Cooper,** who owns and runs the Squirrel Cage tavern at Willow River, Minn. and plans to drive, or plow, through Canada, across Greenland, take a boat to Norway, and then on to the Russian capital. Cooper has been after the Soviet Union to grant permission for snowmobiles and crew to return home by way of Siberia, but so far visas have been denied. Maybe the Russians don't trust someone just out of a Squirrel Cage.

■ Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub—not to mention an attractive young lady named **Helen Stewart,** out for a row with husband **Jackie Stewart,** the race driver, and their two sons, Paul and Mark. The scene was the International Boat Show in London, where Jackie's family managed to make it across the indoor lagoon without wiping out a single buy bale.

Russian poet **Yevgeny Yevtushenko,** in New York for a reading at Madison Square Garden, stopped off at *The Dick Cavett Show* on ABC last week to give his evaluation of some modern art forms. Movies are great, said Yevtushenko, but TV is strictly for suckers. "Good only for suckers, hey?" Cavett asked. "Yes," said the poet, in what he termed his "childish" English. "It is justified only by suckers." At which point Cavett and his audience finally made the connection. What Yevtushenko thinks TV is good for, it develops, is watching the game where you kick a round ball up and down a field and try to get it into nets at either end. You know; sucker football.

While the eyes of Texas were focussed on this month's sporting extravaganzas, the fingers of thieves were busy elsewhere. Houston businessman **Ken Schnitzer** and his teammate in the Bing Crosby Pro-Am tournament, **Doug Sanders,** returned to their adjoining hotel rooms to find about $9,000 in valuables missing. The same weekend, thieves broke into Dallas Cowboy President **Tex Schramm's** home while he was in New Orleans at the Super Bowl. They made off with cash, a color TV set and a 1971 auto. But Schramm went home with the championship, and that's something no one can steal . . . for at least a year.

Finger to finger with the likes of **Joseph Stalin, Frederick the Great** and **Abraham Lincoln** will be chess master **Bobby Fischer,** whose autographed scorecards from matches in Argentina and Germany will be sold to the highest bidder next month at the Charles Hamilton Galleries Inc. in New York. The scorecards are valued at about $45 each by Hamilton's auctioneers. The scribbles of Stalin and Lincoln are worth considerably more, but Fischer beats out Frederick the Great by $20.

Forty-five years ago, before most Women Libbers had even been born, **Jane DeSerisy** became the first woman varsity sports editor for the University of Cincinnati student newspaper and later married a then-prominent basketball and baseball player named **Daniel Earley.** Last week, still going her quiet, liberated way, Mrs. Earley was named chairman of the board of directors at the university, proving that even sports editors can overcome chauvinism.

Scott isn't stupid. But it took a smart teacher to recognize it.

What's wrong with Scott is what's wrong with at least one kid in almost every classroom.

Scott has a learning disability. A perceptual problem.

When he writes, the letters are mostly illegible shapes. When he does his arithmetic, the answers are usually incorrect.

If you wanted to guess how many kids have ever had a problem similar to Scott's, you could start by counting many of the kids who've dropped out of school.

The sad part is this:

You can correct the problem if you spot it soon enough. Before a child has failed and been frustrated and lost his self-confidence.

So in 1969, Metropolitan Life began showing teachers and parents how to spot early signs of physical disorders that can interfere with a child's learning.

We produced a film called "Looking at Children," and a companion booklet. Very often, they're the first time a child's teachers or parents ever see "backwardness" as a disability that many times can be corrected.

We'll send the film to your community or school group.

Write "Children," Metropolitan Life, 1 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

You may have to wait, even with hundreds of prints of the film in constant circulation.

But the wait is worth it.

To keep a child's learning disability from becoming a lifelong handicap.

Metropolitan Life

We sell life insurance.
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Not all is glee at Albert Lea

Each season one team stands below all the rest, a laugher, a team of such colossal ineptitude that eventually its deeds of derring-don't attract a following of woe-wishers who impatiently scan score listings for evidence of every new disaster. Such a team this year is Lea College of Albert Lea, Minn., sitting some 100 miles directly south of Minneapolis on the Iowa border. The Lancers don't just lose games. They get slaughtered.

And they don't just get slaughtered; generally there is a funny story attached. As last week, when the Lea team piled into three cars, drove 450 miles to play Lakehead University in Ontario—the last 150 miles in a blizzard—and lost 106–54. Three players limped out of that affair with ankle injuries, leaving only six Lancers for the game the next night against Lakehead again. Score this time: 89–40.

Laughable? The most hilarious tragedy of all came a week earlier, against Parsons of Iowa. Lea showed up three hours late, after most of the original 500 fans had gone home to bed where, some wit was sure to have said, the Lancers should have stood. They lost by a staggering 129–56.

Even more calamitous than the score was the trip. But let Rev. Sam Robinson, the coach, tell it. A black (as were eight of the first 16 on his varsity), he had toured with Marques Haynes' Harlem Magicians and took the nonsalaried job at Lea—for him a 226-mile round-trip, no-expense-paid drive from his home in St. Paul—while running a community retreat house. "On the way to the Parsons game we were pulled off the road by four police cars for going 85 in a 75-mile-an-hour zone near Kellogg, Iowa, then told to put our hands on the car." In court, while Rev. Robinson argued, Lea's five cheerleaders found some paint cans in the rest room and splattered the place with green, blue and red, which aren't even the school colors. The police were not amused. "As we were driving out of Kellogg, here came the police again," Robinson continued. "Back to court. We were charged $100. Now, next morning at 5:30 in Fairfield, Iowa the police are back, banging at my door, claiming one of my kids was involved in a theft. It took us six hours to prove it was a case of mistaken identity."

Which does not explain exactly why Lea is no UCLA, but does say why it is not always a laughing matter.

THE WEEK

EAST "It's a different game, big boy, when you go inside. All sorts of things happen to you." That was the advice given 6′ 9″ sophomore Joe Newman of Temple by Assistant Coach Jay Norman. Working inside, Newman hit six of seven shots, wound up with 14 points, 11 rebounds and helped the Owls upend St. John's 79–65. Also instrumental was the defense ordered by Coach Harry Litwack. He had four of his Owls play a sliding zone while junior Mike Jones took high-scoring Mel Davis man-to-man. Jones held Davis to three field goals and 11 points.

There were rumors Rhode Island Coach Tom Carmody would be fired. Carmody had other ideas. He held a long meeting with his team and summed it up by saying, "We came out feeling like we were a family unit." The Rams held together at least through the Duquesne game, which they won in an upset 91–83. Providence also came on strong, effectively switching defenses to beat Niagara 89–79 while St. Bonaventure lost to Canisius 73–70.

Lafayette won three games, including an 87–83 upset at West Virginia in which Tracy Tripucka had 29 points and Walt Kocubinski 27. Fordham won at Princeton 79–75. A full-court press caused the Tiger offense to sputter, while the Rams kept their attack going by working the ball inside to Tom Sullivan, who had 21 points.

Dartmouth beat Harvard 94–86 as Bill Raynor hit on 15 consecutive free throws and had a total of 35 points. Penn, seeking revenge for its 43-point loss to Villanova last year in the NCAA regionals, won easily 74–64. Corky Calhoun got the game ball, the first time in 17 years that Coach Chuck Daly had awarded a ball to a player. Seldom a shooter, Calhoun drove time after time, scoring 20 points. Better, he was a devil on defense.

1. PRINCETON (14-3) 2. PENN (10-2)

SOUTH Past-performance charts were useless in the South, where established powers became losers and well-known losers became winners. Georgia Tech, winner of only two of 10 games, beat Notre Dame 82–62, Tulane 94–78 and had Florida State in a tizzy before losing 71–69.

North Carolina was stunned by Duke 76–74 when Robby West sank a 20-footer with three seconds remaining. The Blue Devils made nine fewer field goals but won because they sank 32 of 41 foul tries to the Tar Heels' 12 for 18. South Carolina won twice, rallying from huge deficits both times. The Gamecocks trailed St. Bonaventure 17–1 before winning 61–59. Against another Eastern visitor, Niagara, they were behind by 17, then Kevin Joyce got 26 of his 33 points in the second half, and they prevailed 80–69.

Sporting its new TNT offense, Tennessee downed Florida 61–50 and looked in fine shape after Georgia, with 27 points, 13 rebounds and rugged defense from Tim Bassett, beat Kentucky 85–73. But then Kentucky dropped Tennessee 72–70 and LSU, which had lost nine games, upset Georgia 69–68 as Tommy Hess stole the ball in the final 21 seconds, drove the length of the floor, double pumped in midair and passed to Fig Newton, who made the winning basket.

Vanderbilt disposed of Cornell and Davidson avenged an earlier loss to West Virginia—both by scores of 101–80. Dwight Lamar had 48 points to lead Southwestern Louisiana over Louisiana Tech 107–86.

1. N. CAROLINA (12-2) 2. S. CAROLINA (10-3)

MIDWEST In Crete, Nebraska, that is—Doane College (enrollment 705) is celebrating its centennial, and not even a 79–42 loss to New Mexico can bring a frown. Playing against big-timers like the Lobos, Coach Bob Erickson felt, would help recruiting, especially when the word got around that the Tigers flew commercial jets. So elated was Erickson that after his team made more turnovers (14) than points (13) in the first half, and one player said, "We can come back," he responded, "That's probably what Custer said."

Marquette Coach Al McGuire was less

ready with the quip in victory. "Everybody's trying to score 20 points," he grumbled after his team had 21 turnovers in beating Loyola of Chicago 80–70. "They want to win with glory and firecrackers and all that baloney." The Warriors also played sloppily against DePaul, almost wasting away a 17-point bulge before winning 70–61.

The big gun once again for Ohio State was Allan Hornyak, who had 36 points as the Buckeyes beat Indiana 80–74. Minnesota, the only other unbeaten team in Big Ten competition, won twice, first stopping Wisconsin 65–59, then—with Clyde Turner getting 31 points—Michigan State 67–57.

Right from the outset South Carolina knew it would be a long night. The first three times the Gamecocks tried to get the ball to their 7-footer, Danny Traylor, it was either blocked or stolen by Iowa's 7-footer, Kevin Kunnert. Kunnert blocked eight shots, grabbed 14 rebounds and had 20 points as Iowa won 91–85. The top scorer was 6' 3" Rick Williams of the Hawkeyes, who scored 40 points.

Trailing Louisville by 14 points with 5:50 to go, Drake came on to tie the score when Bob Whitley made the first part of a one-and-one foul try. Cardinal Coach Denny Crum called two successive time-outs obviously attempting to worry Whitley about his shot. Success. Whitley missed, and the game went into overtime. He finally hit from the floor to put the Bulldogs up by four points with 1:17 left, but Jim Price of the Cardinals made two improbable shots to tie the score, then won the game 79–77 with a 40-footer. It was Louisville's eighth straight victory on the road.

1. MARQUETTE (14-0) 2. LOUISVILLE (12-1)

WEST Defending Southwest Conference champion TCU lost 91–81 to SMU, which got 26 points and 17 rebounds from Ruben Triplett. Martin Terry scored 46 points, an Arkansas record, as the Razorbacks beat Texas A&M 100–89. And a layup at the buzzer by Larry Robinson gave Texas a 77–75 win over Baylor while Texas Tech tied the Longhorns for first place by beating Rice 89–85.

Texas-El Paso squirmed past New Mexico State 65–63. Earlier the Aggies won 91–89 from California, which also lost to San Jose State 86–83. Not even 35 points by Bill (Bird) Averitt of Pepperdine could keep Hawaii from winning another home game 94–85. Utah won a battle of zone defenses from Utah State 66–59. George Price of Colorado State was the week's best clutch shooter. He beat Denver 47–45 with a field goal in the last two seconds and then stopped Wyoming 68–66 when he hit on a jumper with six seconds left. Brigham Young got 31 points from Bernie Fryer in beating Utah State 101–82.

All of which leads up to the Santa Clara stall, and Denver's run-and-gun. Neither worked against UCLA. The Broncos had just 13 points at halftime and lost 92–57; the Pioneers succumbed 108–61. Washington's Steve Hawes, possibly the best big man north of UCLA's Bill Walton, had 23 points and 12 rebounds as the Huskies beat Oregon 85–55.

1. UCLA (14-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (15-1)

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SWIMMING / *William F. Reed*

The peanut butter-on-caviar experiment

When Don Gambril was coaching at Long Beach State he liked his swimmers to keep their hair short and their workouts long. Now he's at Harvard, where he's the nonconformist, and his team is four and one

At Long Beach State in California, Don Gambril seemed to have everything a swimming coach could want—the use of a modern pool, warm weather, a powerhouse team and the latitude to recruit swimmers from any longitude of the world. So, naturally, some of his rival coaches questioned his sanity when Gambril announced last spring that he was leaving Long Beach to become head coach at Harvard. What was in Cambridge, they wondered, besides cold weather, an antiquated pool, long-haired student athletes and a swimming program that had produced only three victories over Yale in 30 years?

Just as puzzling was why Harvard wanted Gambril. His reputation as a freewheeling recruiter and strict disciplinarian hardly seemed to fit the Cantabridgian image. With his GI crew cut ("My trademark," he says) and the build of an ex-football center (which he is), Gambril didn't even *look* like a Harvard man, for heaven's sake. His friends were amused at the thought of Gambril in Cambridge, amid all those tweedy, pipe-smoking intellectuals. As one wrote, "You going to Harvard is about like putting peanut butter on caviar."

On closer inspection, however, it wasn't all that much of a misalliance. According to Gambril, his setup at Long Beach was not as ideal as it looked. "The program was sliding," he says, "and there was nothing I could do about it." Also, Harvard offered him inducements he could not get at Long Beach: a higher salary, a national recruiting setup, no classroom teaching and, says Gambril, "a challenge." On his part, Harvard's athletic director, Robert Watson, was impressed with Gambril's record and personality. "He was the best coach and teacher available," says Watson. Also, Watson was keen enough to realize that in Gambril's case the outward doth not the inward show. "He's very fair," admits co-captain Paul Horvitz. "I think it's to his credit that things have gone so smoothly so far."

A CONTRAST IN HAIR AND LIFE-STYLES: HARVARD CO-CAPTAIN KOBICK, GAMBRIL

When Gambril first arrived at Harvard, he walked into a delicate situation. His predecessor, Bill Brooks, had not done much coaching in recent years because of failing health. Most of the work had been left to an assistant, Benn Merritt, whose easygoing ways were popular with a number of the swimmers. When Brooks retired after last season's 5-5 record, many favored Merritt as his replacement. "He might not have had the technical ability," says Horvitz, "but some felt Harvard didn't need a super, fantastic, outtasight coach, so they were disappointed when Don was named."

Also a little apprehensive. Under Brooks and Merritt, the swimming program had been rather unstructured. The coaches didn't seem concerned with having a big winner, or mind how long the swimmers wore their hair or how seldom they worked out. But the swimmers knew it would be different with Gambril, who had not become one of the world's most successful coaches at Long Beach by permitting students to dictate policy. But Gambril surprised them. He recognized that Harvard was "a lot different from Long Beach" and that "I was the nonconformist here, not my swimmers." So rather than coming on like a Lombardi, Gambril took the pragmatic route. For example, he told his swimmers that long hair was acceptable—provided they wore a bathing cap.

"There is a different type of motivation here," says Gambril. "You can't lay down ultimatums. Every step I've taken has been fair and firm, yet I haven't set down rigid rules—only guidelines. I'm really learning a lot."

continued

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

way to see the U.S.A.

Andrea Mead Lawrence got to the bottom of the slope by herself.

You got her to the top.

Andrea Mead Lawrence skied the Women's Slalom and Giant Slalom in the 1952 Oslo Olympics. She got gold medals for both events. But she couldn't have started without you. Your contributions bought the plane tickets that got Andrea and her teammates to Norway. Your dollars helped smooth the way for her and all the winning members of our Olympic team.

It's an uphill battle to raise money for every U.S. Olympic team. This year, more than ever, our '72 winter team is counting on your help. And now there's an easy way to give that help: buy Bank of America Travelers Cheques.

Because every time you buy Bank of America Travelers Cheques, part of the proceeds from the sale go to the U.S. Olympic Committee. So, by asking for our travelers cheques at your bank, you help equip and train our athletes. Help them get to the Olympics. Help them win when they get there.

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We think everybody should back our Olympic team. And if you buy that, you'll buy Bank of America Travelers Cheques. They're sold at leading banks everywhere.

They don't cost any more.
They just do a lot more.

So are his swimmers. Most of the upperclassmen quit after Gambril's first few workouts, but those who elected to stay showed marked improvement as Harvard won four of its first five dual meets. One of the best examples of Gambril's influence is senior Greg Huff. "He's not really a good swimmer," says Gambril, "but against Navy he managed to get a point in the 1,000—and we won by a point, 57–56. Now, if he doesn't get another point all year, he feels as if he's made a contribution."

This is the sort of thing that Gambril, 38, a self-made man, admires. He was reared by his grandparents, growing up poor in the inaptly named El Sueno area of Los Angeles. His grandparents lived mainly off Social Security, so Don had to work to help out. He shined shoes, delivered newspapers, swept floors. He had jobs in warehouses, tin-can factories and in a self-service gasoline station, where he was a roller-skating attendant. His main interest through high school, junior college and two colleges was football. "I went to college to play ball," says Gambril. "I didn't have any idea of graduating."

But graduate he did, from Los Angeles State in 1958. He spent his next five years coaching at Rosemead (Calif.) High School, where his football teams were 34-4-1. He also coached swimming but didn't get into it seriously until 1963-65, when he was at Arcadia (Calif.) High. In 1964 three of his girls made the Olympic swimming team, one, Sharon Stouder, winning three gold medals and a silver. "All of a sudden," says Gambril, "I was thrust into swimming."

After a stint at Pasadena City College, where he was 19-3 in dual meets, Gambril was named head coach at Long Beach State in 1967. Over the next four years the 49ers were 48-3 in dual meets. They won the NCAA college-division championships in 1968 and were fifth in the university division in 1970 and 1971. In the summertime Gambril coached the Phillips 66 AAU team—consisting mainly of his Long Beach swimmers—to three straight national AAU long-course titles.

At Long Beach, Gambril was heavily criticized because of his recruiting tactics. Gambril's teams were dominated by such foreign stars as Hans Fassnacht of West Germany, world-record holder in the 200-meter butterfly, and Gunnar Larsson of Sweden, world-record holder in the 200-meter individual medley. In fact, only four Americans were on the team that Gambril took to last year's NCAAs. Both USC and UCLA, the traditional California powers, dropped Long Beach from their schedules on the pretext that it was too difficult to get up for both Long Beach and each other. Some coaches questioned Gambril's patriotism.

To their glee, at last year's NCAA meet Larson was declared ineligible for accepting $80 per month from his home club in Sweden. "That cost us fourth place for sure," says Gambril, "and maybe third or second."

According to Gambril, he recruited foreign swimmers "strictly as a matter of economics." He contends that he did not have sufficient scholarship money ($1,800 per year) to compete with USC, UCLA and Stanford for the top California swimmers, and he points out that until recently tuition for foreign students at Long Beach was much cheaper than for out-of-staters. But last year Long Beach raised its tuition for all students—nearly threefold in the case of foreign students—and that is when Gambril began to get disenchanted. "We couldn't think about getting good new kids," he says, "because we had to kill ourselves just to keep the kids we had." There were other factors, also economic. The swimming team's budget was reduced by 10%. Gambril did not receive a salary increase for two straight years. So when Harvard spoke to him, he was in the mood to listen.

Inevitably, it was assumed—and still is, in some cases—that the Gambril Harvard alliance meant that Harvard was going big-time in swimming, just like Indiana, USC and Tennessee. Why else would Gambril come to Harvard? Why else would Harvard come to Gambril? "I think the scenario is obvious," says Horvitz. "We all know that Don is a great coach and we all know that he was hired to have a winning team. In the future the program will be geared to swimmers with world-class and national aspirations."

The other co-captain, Dan Kobick, also had—and has—misgivings about where Harvard is heading under Gambril. "For me," said Kobick, "the greatest thing about Harvard is the diversity, the fantastic opportunities for so many different relationships. But can you imagine going up to a coach like Don and saying, 'Hey, coach, I'm not coming to workout today because there's this heavy conversation in my room'? You see, swimming was not my primary concern here, but I'm afraid it will be for future swimmers."

Both Watson and Gambril deny that Harvard is seeking national championships. While Watson concedes that Gambril's presence might be a drawing card for national and world-class swimmers, he also says, "We don't have any intention of going big-time and Gambril accepts this. Our coaches are not even allowed to go on the road to recruit."

True, but they have a contingent of part-time salesmen. Harvard has a large network of alumni clubs and admissions counselors. When an alumnus or counselor finds a promising swimmer who is also a good student, he is supposed to write Gambril or encourage the student to do so. To date, more than 65 schoolboy swimmers have expressed an interest in attending Harvard next fall. Their ranks include many top U.S. prospects, plus such foreign stars as Australia's Graham White and Graham Windeatt, a former world-record holder in the 800-meter freestyle. "So far we've been deluged with mail," says Gambril, "and that never happened to me at Long Beach. Why, I was lucky if I got six letters a year."

Like any transplanted Californian, Gambril has had trouble adjusting to the hazards of Eastern winters. On New Year's Day, for instance, he fell through the ice while horsing around on a supposedly frozen pond near his home in suburban Bedford. Five days later, he was hit in the forehead by an errant puck at a Harvard hockey game, opening a cut that required eight stitches. But Gambril's enthusiasm for Harvard is undiminished. "I love it here," he says. "Even the snow and the ice."

So whither Gambril? This spring he will return to Long Beach, where he will help Fassnacht and some of his other swimmers prepare for the Olympics ("I just couldn't drop them," he says). In late summer he will be at Munich as an assistant coach for the U.S. men's team. Then he will return to Cambridge where he expects to find enough talent to begin his building program. In four or five years Gambril hopes that Harvard will have a new natatorium. By then, perhaps, the peanut butter will look just great on the caviar. **END**

GOLF / *Walter Bingham*

With the help of artificial dyes, an infusion of new money and some persuasive talk by Dean Martin, the tour is shining in sun country

Greening Tucson's green

Ask the average touring pro to list his 10 favorite tournaments, the four major ones aside, and he would probably name, oh, Akron because Firestone is an outstanding course and the motels are inexpensive; Colonial because you get treated well there; Los Angeles because it leads off the tour, and the Crosby because the wife likes to shop in Carmel. There would also be a bunch of Dorals, Orlandos, Greensboros and Westerns on the list, all for a variety of charms.

Chances are that the Tucson Open would not make anyone's list of top 10. Or even 20. In fact, just five years ago there was a good chance there wouldn't be a Tucson. The tournament had little appeal. The money was minor, the course a joke, the crowds skimpy, the accommodations scarce and the treatment courteous but lacking the grandeur of other tournaments. Meaning that there were few cars to transport players from their motels to the course, no gifts from local merchants, no free food, no free entertainment. These are the little things that pro golfers have come to expect. Spoiled, perhaps, but that's the way it is and the Tucson of other years was hardly in a position to compete.

Worst of all, Tucson's traditional date on the tour calendar, linked in back-to-back weeks with Phoenix to the north, made both Arizona tournaments extremely easy to skip. The winter tour would begin in California with four tournaments, maybe five. Then would come Phoenix and Tucson, followed by the swing through Florida. Too many name pros would simply leave California, fly home for a rest and a visit with the family, then pick up in Florida. Arizona was becoming a haven for rabbits, those poor souls who usually cannot qualify with the bigger pros for the more popular tournaments.

That was five years ago. Last week at the Tucson National Golf Club almost every name player on the tour was present and, while Tucson may still not be their favorite tournament, they were finding it a lot easier to swallow. True, Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer and Billy Casper were not there, which is a bit like saying the body looked fine but the head was missing, but by Tucson's standards the field, including 15 of last year's top 20 money-winners, was glittering. No longer were the pros competing in the *little old* Tucson *Open* but *in* the—pause for trumpets—Dean Martin-Tucson Open and for $150,000, more than at the Los Angeles Open, the Crosby and the Hope, local folks were quick to point out. The tournament was the third of the year, wedged between the Crosby and the Andy Williams, certainly a more favorable spot. The crowds were large, the weather beautiful and one golfer at least, Miller Barber, would now be willing to consider Tucson among his list of favorites. He won the $30,000 first prize, beating George Archer on the 3rd hole of sudden death after they had tied on Sunday and finished even in their 18-hole playoff Monday.

Most of the credit for this dramatic change in the Tucson Open belongs to a group of civic do-gooders called The Tucson Conquistadores. Three years ago Joe Dey, then newly appointed commissioner of golf, contacted Tucson and mentioned a dreaded word—satellite. "He didn't come right out and say our tournament might be better off as a satellite," one of the Conquistadores says. "He just tossed around his ideas for an A tour and a B tour, and we definitely got the impression that we were headed for the B."

"There was no doubt about it," says Buck Markley, the tournament director. "We were not rich. Our purse had only recently been increased from $60,000 to

continued

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$100,000 and we just couldn't afford things like courtesy cars for all the golfers. We tried to be friendly to the pros and do our best to make them feel welcome. We thought that was better than having someone hand them a fifth of Scotch after a round."

Faced with minor league status, the Conquistadores decided to do all they could to keep Tucson afloat. Each of 50 Conquistadores pledged to sell $1,200 worth of tickets. If he failed, he wrote a check for the difference. "Our problem is that we are not a large population area," says Fred Boice, a prominent Conquistadore. "Tucson is about 400,000 now and the nearest town with more than 50,000 people is Phoenix, and that's 120 miles away."

Meanwhile Dey, certainly sympathetic to the plight of both Arizona tournaments, helped out by splitting Tucson and Phoenix on the schedule, giving one, then the other the third spot on alternate years. Few pros like to skip a tournament that early.

Although the Conquistadores had managed to raise the level of Tucson's purse to $100,000, comparable to that of many other tournaments, they felt the Tucson Open needed something else, like a sponsor maybe. For a while they tried to coax a large copper company to back it—"Do you know that 50% of the nation's copper is mined within 100 miles of Tucson?" a man asked eagerly—but the company said no. Just as well, as it turned out. The Copper-Tucson Open does not carry much ring. So the Conquistadores looked around for another co-sponsor, perhaps someone with a touch of glamour.

Enter Dean Martin. Dino happened to be scouting around for a golf tournament to attach his name to. After all, Bing had his and so did Bob, Andy and Glen. Even Jackie (Gleason) was getting one and everyone knows Dino can spot Jackie six a side. Besides, the publicity value of having your name attached to a tournament is enormous, even if that tournament happens to be out among the cactus. Not that Tucson was Martin's first choice. A year or so ago a Martin man phoned the offices of the USGA in New York and wondered how it would be if Dino sponsored the U.S. Open. The USGA said thanks for the thought, but decided the Open could go it alone.

So Martin turned his attention elsewhere and there was that poor old wallflower, Tucson. Martin had made a couple of film epics near there and liked the area, so the courtship began. Finally, just before last year's tournament, the Conquistadores announced that the following year it would be the Dean Martin-Tucson Open. Martin would have no financial interest in the tournament, but that was nothing new. He would not be the first celebrity who decided not to take a bath for the sake of the tour.

What Martin did do was talk, urge and bulldoze NBC into covering the tournament both Saturday and Sunday, the first time Tucson had ever been televised nationally during the last two rounds. NBC was not particularly enthusiastic, what with camera crews in Japan for the Winter Olympics and another in Los Angeles for the Pro Bowl. But Dino has that highly rated show on NBC and nobody at the network wanted to ruffle his hair. So it was, even if it meant that the final round had to begin at dawn so that it could be over by 1:30, just before the Pro Bowl kickoff.

The value of the Martin name was obvious even before play began. He winged into Tucson with a golf bag over his shoulder and a pretty girl on his arm, a picture that made the front page of the local morning paper. The next day an enormous crowd, by far the largest in Tucson Open history, turned out to watch the Pro-Am, or at least the amateur part—Martin, Glen Campbell and all the others in that crowd that can almost be called professional Pro-Am players. There was even a two-mile traffic jam on the road leading to the club, which may have been the first traffic jam in the history of the state. "You don't know how good that looked," said Dave Stockton the next day. "Golfers love to play in front of crowds. It's one of the things we haven't liked about this tournament in the past."

That night at a dinner for some 1,600 tournament sponsors and guests in Tucson's new community center, Martin thanked the "Concuspidors" for their work, told the crowd they were "beautiful people, which is why I picked the Tucson Open," said his golf game wasn't much "but then have you heard Nicklaus and Palmer sing?" and promised that next year both Jack and Arnold would play.

One thing that neither Dino nor the Conquistadores could do anything about was the Tucson National golf course. "One of the best of its kind" is what pros are encouraged to tell inquiring club members. Privately, they call it awful, about the worst they play on all year. It is certainly the longest, 7,305 yards (compared with Augusta's 6,850), with greens so large that if you miss one you must be in Mexico. There are only a few trees, none much taller than the 6′ 6″ Archer, so that you can stand on the clubhouse porch and see most of the 18 holes. There are traps, but not many come into play. Furthermore, at this time of year the grass is brown and matted, very much like a living-room rug; the fairways as a result must be dyed green. This way the players know which path to follow. There is no real rough. When the ground is tinted green, it is fairway. When it is brown, it is rough.

What this means is that Tucson is a putter's course. Drive the ball anywhere, knock it on the green and putt. The trick is to get it to the huge green so that you are not 100 feet or more from the pin, a common occurrence. "What you do here," said Lee Trevino, "is hit your first putt, then line up your second."

There were moments on Saturday when it looked as though a 12-way tie was possible as names like Montgomery, Zender, Morley, Mengert and Graham battled the more established ones—Archer, Nichols, Murphy, Douglass and Hill—for position on the scoreboard. But by late Sunday the tournament had narrowed to three men—Archer, Bobby Nichols, the third-round leader, and Barber, whose 31 on the front nine had vaulted him into serious contention. With three holes left, Nichols had a one stroke lead, but he missed a short putt at 16 for a bogey, then drove into the water at 18 to eliminate himself, thus leaving Archer and Barber to play it off the next day. It was the tour's third straight playoff and it proved that in this respect at least, Tucson was every bit as good as the L.A. Open and the Crosby. **END**

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BEING A GOOD SPORT ABOUT IT ALL

Through water and flames, blood and dust, stunt men plunge boldly, confident that athletic skill, quick wits and special techniques will bring them safely through danger

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

CONTINUED

GOOD SPORT —continued

So you think *you* had a tough week? Well, consider the one Hal Needham just had. On Monday he was shot in the back with an arrow. Tuesday he rolled his car over. The next day he fell 65 feet out of a tree. Thursday he was hit with a chair in a brawl and shoved down a flight of stairs. Friday Needham's horse fell on him. And that was not the end of it. Saturday afternoon he planned to go easy-riding near Burbank. He revved up his bike and took off, though not at all as he intended. Pranksters had chained the motorcycle to a pole. Needham nose-dived over the handlebars and crunched to the pavement.

Now if he were normal, Needham would have taken to bed—which presumably would be a safer place—but Needham is hardly normal: he is a movie stunt man. And after the week's abuse, he was not only $4,500 richer but also little the worse for wear—a claim which few Americans could make. Special equipment and practiced techniques protect him, but equally vital in Needham's trade is athletic talent.

Some of Hollywood's stunt men are former Olympians—men like decathlon superstar C. K. Yang and Dean Smith, a gold medalist on the 400-meter relay team in Helsinki. Vic Paul is a former Pacific Coast Conference fencer; Pete Peterson, a surfing champion, Mickey Gilbert, once a college rodeo standout, Merlin Olsen, an All-Pro defensive tackle for the Rams. Frank Orsatti once was a promising centerfielder in the Cardinal farm system. (His father, Ernie, took the reverse route, beginning as a stunt man doubling for Buster Keaton and afterward becoming one of the famed Gashouse Gang.)

Though most of these athletes' competing years are over, they continue in surprisingly vigorous training. Loren Janes, who was a college swimmer, diver and gymnast and the first civilian ever to compete in the U.S. Olympic modern pentathlon trials, is only slightly more enthusiastic than most stunt men. He runs between five and 15 miles daily and, when not working at the studio, spends four to six hours a day practicing stunting skills. His backyard is his workshop, a layout with an archery range, trampoline, 30-foot rope climb and horizontal and parallel bars.

Conditioning may harden the stunt man to all the abrupt stops, but it is sports equipment—football hip pads, ice hockey knee and elbow pads, Joe Azcue-model baseball shin guards—that softens the blows and makes them bearable. When Hal Needham did his head-over-heels motorcycle scene, he swathed himself in this sort of gear and wore, as well, two heavy leather-and-wool vests. Skidding over the pavement, he broke open his helmet and tore through both vests.

There is only a vague appreciation by the public of the stunt men's part in films and little understanding of the risks involved. Bob Rose, an ex-jockey who long ago turned to stunting and became a master of airplane routines, has a fairly precise formula to separate the sane stunt from the insane. He learned it from Houdini. "He had a theory that you had to engineer all aspects of every trick," Rose explains. "You had to figure a stunt to where the odds were 7 to 3 in your favor and to where your ability would take care of the three. That seemed a sensible gauge to me and I've always used it." Well, almost always. In 1917 Rose decided to buy an airplane. He looked around for a while, kicked a few tires and finally settled on an OX Jenny. He took it up for a checkout flight, landed, refueled and took it up once more. Rose was delighted with the plane and amazed that it was so easy to handle. After all, it was the *first* time he had ever flown anything.

It was Rose, doubling for Eddie Cantor in *Strike Me Pink*, who did a scene requiring such intricate timing that it is still regarded as one of the finest stunts Hollywood ever produced. Rose plunged from the top of a roller coaster rig and on the way down grabbed a parasol from a lady zooming by on the coaster. With it he wafted safely to the ground.

If the bravery—or, if you will, bravado—of stunt men is largely uncelebrated, actors often are awed by those who double for them. "I admire them for the same reason I admire Laver and Rosewall—because what they do they do with perfection," says Charlton Heston. "They are superbly conditioned athletes with extraordinary reflexes and ability to control emergencies. I know I owe my life to one, Joe Canutt. We are close friends. When he introduces me to a stranger, he says, 'This is Chuck Heston. He does my dialogue.' Canutt

saved me during a fight with battle axes in *The War Lord*. He usually doubles me, but this time the director kept me in the fight and had Joe double the actor I was supposed to be fighting. What happened was that I forgot to duck. Joe had started to swing his battle ax at my head; his momentum and the weight of the weapon were propelling him forward and there was no way he could stop. He saved me at the last instant by somehow falling over backward."

Had the scene been shot 40 years before, Heston might not have been so fortunate. At that time, stunt men were known for their "90-proof courage"—straight from the bottle. Walk-ons were used, men who came off the streets and said, sure, for five bucks they would gladly swing a battle ax at anyone.

It was not unusual in those days for a cameraman and a stunt man to drive the streets looking for comedy situations. Finding a fire or a construction site, the stunt man would leap into action, doing a half gainer from the building that was burning down or dangling by his fingertips from the one that was going up. Stunt men would fall from cars in Hollywood traffic and dodge through—sometimes even under—screeching sedans to get reel life drama. There are stories of streets being slicked with soap, causing dandy skids for stunt men—and unsuspecting motorists. These ad-lib scenes were not part of any script, but the footage, if it was exciting enough, would be spliced into movies. Stunting remained a haphazard occupation until late in the '20s, when three men—Richard Talmadge, David Sharpe and Yakima Canutt—began insisting on some common sense and precautions.

They were fine athletes. Talmadge had been a member of the Flying Metzetti acrobatic and trapeze family, the first (and he is still the only) tumbler ever to do a quadruple somersault. Sharpe won the national AAU tumbling title in 1925 and 1926. Canutt (whose son is now Heston's double) had a shoe box full of gold buckles to show for his four seasons as world champion rodeo cowboy. Though they were viewed as radicals, the men held to their code—maximum effect with minimum risk. They insisted on carefully planning each gag and making certain those who performed the stunts had sufficient athletic ability.

Douglas Fairbanks Sr. was an early advocate of these athlete-stunt men. Talmadge, now 73, recalls his first meeting with Fairbanks; "He had broken a finger during the filming of *The Mollycoddle* in 1919 and I decided to approach him and ask if he needed a double. Usually he did his own stunts and did them with real flair and grace. That day at the studio he said to me, 'I don't want a stunt man, I want an athlete. Can you jump?' We were walking across a stage and I took a few steps and leaped over an upright piano. 'You're hired,' he said."

In those days Talmadge occasionally worked for a group modeled on the Keystone Kops. "Nearly all the stunts were impromptu," he says. "We'd climb into a car and wait for the nine o'clock train from San Francisco. When we got a signal that the train was coming, we'd just drive onto the tracks and sit there. The car would be stuffed with people, some wedged in headfirst with their feet kicking the air, some holding onto the sides of the car. We would barely make it off the tracks in time; the engineer would shake his fist at us as he passed."

Talmadge became such an artist at blending comedy and acrobatics that moviegoers simply would not believe what they were seeing. At the time there were studios that actually put together gags by focus-pocus. For instance, they would lower a man over the side of a building on a rope and he would slide to the ground. Then the film would be reversed and the audience would see him doing an astonishing rope climb up the side of a skyscraper. But Talmadge's gags were true to life. So in 1923 the producers of *Let's Go* gave him an on-screen tribute: "The amazing athletic 'stunts' performed by Mr. Talmadge in this picture are *actual*, and are not achieved by means of 'doubles,' 'dummies' or tricks of the camera."

Talmadge's skill had Fort Lee, N.J. (the Hollywood of the time) mesmerized. He could, and did, jump from one building to another, 12 stories up and with no net. Once, in a Slim Somerville Western, he fell 72 feet without pads. And in another film, playing a fugitive from the law, he plunged from a roof through seven awnings and dropped into a waiting car. Unfortunately it was not the getaway vehicle but one owned by the chief of police.

Talmadge had less successful and more painful filming experiences as well. A director once persuaded him to leave the hospital, where he was recuperating from a severe back injury. Almost immobile, he was lifted up the side of a building by a pulley and left hanging by his fingertips on a narrow ledge. When the signal came, Talmadge was to let go, which he did, but the net holders missed him. To the astonishment of everyone, himself included, Talmadge felt fine on regaining consciousness. "Somehow," he says, "the fall fixed my back."

But increasingly severe accidents, to himself and fellow stunt men, eventually convinced Talmadge that there had to be a better way of achieving the same effects. Like Sharpe and Canutt, he decided that action sequences should be carefully plotted and gags that were too chancy eliminated. The stunt men usually could concoct routines even more spectacular and infinitely safer. One Talmadge creation, a scene he is proud of, featured a man doing a handstand high above the deck of a freighter, one that was bound from Brooklyn to Barcelona, according to the script. As the handstand took place, the 600 people on shipboard rushed to one side to watch—which caused the 250-foot boat to keel over and capsize.

Dave Sharpe did not take nearly as long to become safety conscious. As a

continued

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GOOD SPORT *continued*

stunt man still active at 62, he has led a charmed life. his injuries have been minimal. Sharpe is dapper and mustachioed. He retains the good looks that once made him a leading man, but a tin voice hindered that career and he switched to stunting. Since then Sharpe has appeared in more than 4,000 movies, serials and TV shows. In a *Mod Squad* role he so convincingly portrayed an elderly man being hit by a car that a former stunt man watching the scene groaned out loud.

Sharpe's most acclaimed performance was in *The Great Race*. In that movie he was lashed into a straitjacket and hung by his ankles from a balloon some 3,500 feet in the air. During the filming the balloon rose and fell, drifting across Kentucky tobacco fields, and it came perilously close to slamming Sharpe into a tobacco drying barn. In another scene, Sharpe dived 40 feet out of a castle into a rowboat, landing on target—between the knees of an oarsman. He went straight through the balsawood bottom and sank from sight, leaving his Cossack hat floating serenely across the lake.

"Before my time there were extreme daredevils," Sharpe says. "men who would say a couple Hail Marys and off they'd go. Many who want to be stunt men don't put the job in the right perspective. They have visions of self-glory. No stunt man will last if he takes a highly emotional approach to the job."

Talmadge and Sharpe did much to refine the profession, but chiefly it was Yakima Canutt who told directors to go hang by *their* thumbs when they asked the impossible. Back then, he was a brusque man, who could be tough as his rawhide chaps when provoked, yet he was so capable that studios chose not to offend him. In 1966 Canutt received an honorary Oscar, the only one ever given a stunt man. The citation read: "For achievements as a stunt man and for developing safety devices to protect stunt men everywhere." The "everywhere," so far as Canutt was concerned, meant from scalp to sole as well as from Hollywood to Brazzaville.

"Yakima created the profession in Europe," Charlton Heston says. "When we were doing *El Cid* in Spain he trained some Gypsies. They were all guts and would crash through windows but they

would almost always be hurt. Yakima made them learn safer ways. He trained 7,000 as Spanish cavalry and 250 to be mounted police. That done, the director of the film said Yakima was charging too much and that he would use the Spaniards from then on. Canutt was sore; he headed for the railroad station. A scene was being filmed of a horse being shot from under an Arab. The director tried it over and over and the stunt man couldn't do it right. Finally the director snapped, 'Get Canutt.' It was just like in the movies: they raced to the station to get Yak and bring him back. He took off his tie, rolled up his pants, put on a robe and burnoose and marked an X in the sand. On the first take he made the horse fall right on the X."

It was Canutt who taught John Wayne to stride across the screen like a cowboy and usually it was Canutt, not Wayne, who was seen fighting on top of runaway stagecoaches or hurtling from a mountain hideaway to knock a rider from a horse. "Yak is the most magnificent man in the world," says Wayne.

Canutt was a rodeo star of such magnitude in his day that he was brought to Hollywood as a leading man in Westerns. After 50 or so movies, the talkies came in and Canutt's career was over. His voice was squishy soft, like a half-inflated tire. Like Sharpe, he decided to make stunting his profession.

He perfected much of the basic equipment of the trade, including the "running W" and the "ironing board." The running W consists of crisscrossed wires, which, when yanked by a rider, pull a horse's feet from under him. Pressure from humane societies has brought an end to its use. The ironing board, however, remains popular. It is a plank placed between a team of horses about a foot off the ground. It is narrow enough not to be visible on screen, yet wide enough for stunt men to grab should they miss a jump. Before Canutt came up with the idea, a fall between galloping horses could be fatal. Canutt also designed breakaway equipment for those scenes where horses and wagon would hurtle off a cliff. The team could be cut loose from the wagon in midair. The apparatus was used in *Dark Command* where a team plunged into a lake. "It was so successful that all of us—horses and men—were set to work again within 30 minutes," Canutt says.

Despite his inventiveness, Canutt had his share of accidents. Doing a routine fall from a covered wagon in the early '40s, his boots snagged in the landing net and his legs were broken. He tells, too, of a mishap while doubling for Clark Gable in *Boom Town*. "I was supposed to ride a mule," he says. "They were really tough bucking broncs with rubber ears that made them look like mules. The animal was supposed to throw me over a fence, but things didn't work out. There was take after take; we kept at it all night and I rode 17 head of buckin' horse. On the last ride, just before daylight, the horse went over backward. By then my reflexes weren't too good and I didn't react. He landed on top of me, his four feet straight toward the sky and me still in the saddle. I shoved him over with a leg, but he had done me in pretty good."

Canutt, 76, has long since retired from active stunting but he serves as a highly paid action director, traveling around the world to stage sequences for epics like *Khartoum*. That movie was shot in Egypt in 120° heat and Canutt spent half a year training 5,000 extras to fight on cue and 6,000 animals—camels, cows, sheep, goats—to go the right way at the right time.

It was he who managed what is probably Hollywood's grandest scene, the chariot race in *Ben Hur*. In it, Canutt's son Joe, doubling for Heston, catapulted his chariot over two others. A takeoff ramp had to be built to get the 700-pound vehicle airborne, but even with that boost it was no mean feat. "I tied the reins to the chariot railing so that Joe could hold on with both hands without losing control of the team," Yakima says. "And I warned Joe to hold both front and back railings so he would not be jolted from the chariot when the horses jumped." But Joe, striving for added effect, put both hands on the front rail. As the horses caromed off the ramp he was flung loose. He vaulted upward and, desperately tightening his grip, did a handstand on the rail. He fell and was tossed into a wall. A few stitches were taken in his chin and then he went back to work.

The heyday of stunting was during the '30s and '40s. Then the picture show was a way of life with Americans and people were entertained by cowboys and Indians, thrillers, chillers and lowbrow

continued

GOOD SPORT *continued*

comedy. Hollywood produced a steady run of potboilers—some quite literally that. Stunt man Tom Steele, an ex-polo player, used to specialize in scenes where he seemed sure to be drowned in a cauldron of hot oil. He would always be left dangling at the end of the film so that the audience would return the following week, when they would witness his astonishing escape. These films with subpar acting, aimless dialogue and thin plots filled the movie houses. The serials—*Buck Rogers*, *Flash Gordon*, *Ghost of Zorro*—were held together by action sequenees, and the audienee left with a feeling that it had gotten its money's worth. Perhaps it was worth 25¢ admission to see, say, Harvey Parry dive 110 feet into the ocean. Stunt men charged across deserts and mine fields, they fell off buildings, they rolled down stairs, they climbed mountains, flew planes, crashed cars. The profession increasingly drew athletes: Boyd Morgan, onee a blocking back for the Redskins; Dale Van Sickel, the University of Florida's first All-America; Jock Mahoney, a basketball and swimming letterman at Iowa; Kermit Maynard, a halfback at Indiana and later a world champion trick and fancy rider; and Olympians like Fred Zendar, Russ Saunders and Stubby Kruger. Kruger, a backstroker at the 1920 Games, often filled in for Johnny Weissmuller in the more demanding swimming scenes in Tarzan movies. And 30 years before Don Schollander colleeted his four gold medals at Tokyo, his mother was paddling across jungle rivers doubling for Janes.

Stunt women have been around for a long time, too. Helen Thurston, an acrobat and trampolinist, is one of the more noted. Doubling for Doris Day, she once walked on a girder 40 feet above the ground in pitch dark. When the spotlights were switched on she was blinded and slipped, but she grabbed an upright. She got to her feet and finished the job. She shot a rapids for Marilyn Monroe, cracked up a car for Jane Russell and slipped on a banana peel for Ethel Merman. Now there is a fledgling Stuntwomen's Association with 17 members.

In point of fact, there are not all that many accredited stunt men, just 140 in the Stuntmen's Association of Motion Pictures. These men are an elite, working under frightfully demanding conditions. "A producer might ask you if you can rope a calf, which seems simple enough," explains Mickey Gilbert, "but then you go out to do it and 500 people are yelling in the scene, a wind machine is blowing up a storm, maybe there is a fire blazing or guys throwing spears at you." Such is the pressure and only professionals can cope with it. Yet when a man is involved in an accident on the West Coast and doesn't have a job, he glibly tells the police he is a stunt man. Something like this happened in the Charles Manson case. One of the victims was said to be a stunt man. He wasn't. Last year former stunt man John Hagner opened a hall of fame for the profession in Lancaster, Calif., and possibly this will help the image.

The inner circle of stunting is now an organization called Stunts Unlimited, which was founded by Hal Needham and a few friends. Its two dozen members claim to do 80% of the stunt work in Hollywood. Meanwhile, the industry as a whole has been suffering from a lack of jobs. A report by the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violenee, warning that violence on television was affecting viewers, contributed to unemployment. Networks altered programming with drastic consequences to stunt men.

"There is a distinction between violence and action that I don't think is understood," says Bob Herron, a past president of the Stuntmen's Association. "We feel action is a logical extension of drama and we're interested in doing stunts that make shows exciting. But violenee is not our bag. We aren't interested in eye-gouging and murder. The policy in this matter is inconsistent. TV news programs show violenee nightly and many old movies are filled with it."

An advocate for the stunt men is John Strong, a young assistant director. He says, "Without action there would have been no Randolph Scott, no Paul Muni, no Gary Cooper, no Heston, no Peck. Stunt men were the ones who made these actors and their movies."

Producers are still very much aware of the value of stunting; only a few years ago when a studio realized it had a multimillion-dollar dud on its hands, it called in a leading stunt man and had him create and exeeute some chilling footage. The movie was transformed and on release won four-star acclaim.

Take the recent movie *The French Connection*. It is a car chase that provides the most unforgettable scene. It took two weeks to shoot the ten-minute sequence on Stillwell Avenue near New York's Coney Island. Stunt man Bill Hickman (who also played a minor part in the film—the cop shot at the end) started the job with three lookalike bronze Pontiacs and he and Actor Gene Hackman wrecked two of them before they were satisfied with the scene.

Another of Hollywood's slambang drivers is Carey Loftin. His scenes are so risky they appall other stunt men. Loftin thinks nothing of crashing headlong into a wall at 100 mph, rolling a car over three times or jumping one off a ramp 100 feet in the air. But with all this, Loftin insists he is cautious: "I won't do anything I can't do twice in the same day." He had his worst accident—300 stitches in his face—driving home from work.

Loftin has a ready test for his reflexes. He hassomeone hold a dollar bill vertically, its bottom edge poised between his thumb and index finger. As the bill is released, Loftin tries to grasp it. And invariably he does. "I will catch eight out of 10 while the best most people can manage is two out of 10 attempts," he says.

Split-second reflexes are a valuable commodity. For example, when Loren Janes was asked to devise some hair-raising footage for *Bullitt*, he decided he would sprint under the fuselage of a jet taking off into the night. Cameras were set up at San Francisco International Airport. Janes fell flat under the belly of the jet and luckily his calculations were correct and he had his wits about him—the rear wheels roared by, missing him by inches. Black tires on black runway in black of night. For all that drama, Janes earned $5,000.

Few stunt men indulge in insurance; it is too costly. And because scenes are so well engineered, no longer born out of desperation, insurance is really not necessary. "Take a fight," Hal Needham explains. "It is choreographed. Everything flows: when you finish throwing one punch you have to be in position to take the next one. You throw exaggerated punches. Directors have tried real boxers, but they're no good. Their

punches are too fast to be appreciated. What really sells a punch is the way you take it. I keep my hair long so that when I take a punch I can sell it by snapping my head back and have my hair fly out like this." Porcupine quills seem to shoot from his scalp as he demonstrates.

"When I began stunting," Needham continues, "I built platforms in a tree to practice high falls. I'd go off, land in a net and climb back and fall again. Falling is an art. I learned coming off the platforms different ways, from different heights, at all angles. Every routine is planned, but the unexpected sometimes happens. I once was injured in a 65-foot fall out of a tree. The trouble was I had to wait 45 minutes for the sun to come out. Adrenalin's great, but after they got me set to fall a few times and then called it off because of the sun I had a letdown. By the time I finally did the stunt, I had lost my edge. I broke my leg."

Needham appears in *Little Big Man*, leaping onto a six-horse team going all-out. He and other stunt men who worked on that picture endured 122° heat in Billings, Mont. and intense cold in Calgary, Canada, where, with the chill factor, the temperature was figured at 70° below. "Needham did a remarkable job training the Indians we used for Custer's Last Stand," said Robert Rosen of Cinema Center Films. "I've worked with Indians before, and the first day you get 500 of them, the next day 300, and the third day you're lucky if 80 show up. But Needham got them coordinated. We were on location in Hardin, Mont., where there is a museum and monuments to Custer and his men. Crosses mark where each fell. The morning we were going to shoot the big scene I was out there at seven and it was a beautiful day, the soft wind blowing through the tall grass and ruffling it. Sort of eerie. I saw a man, his wife and three kids reading the names on a monument. They had no idea that a movie was being shot. Then up over the hill came 750 Crow Indians in full war paint on charging horses. The kids took off running and the man and woman clutched each other."

"At the start of filming," says Hal Needham, "I told the Indians, 'Before we're finished you'll wish I had been with Custer and you could have scalped

continued

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GOOD SPORT

me.' They had rubber tips on the arrows they used but some of them took the tips off and sharpened the points. One hit a stunt man with one of those sharp arrows and the guy lost his eye. After that I warned the Indians I'd make a bow tie out of their weapons if they tried that again. One Indian snorted, 'I wouldn't mind having a bow tie.' I made like I didn't hear him, but when he rode by me I whipped him off his horse and that was the end of that."

Needham owns 200 head of horses, which he rents to studios. Some have been trained to fall, a trick so old Napoleon used it with his war-horses. Ideally, the ground where the animals go down should be loosened. "There are horses that don't want to fall but there is one surefire method of making them," Needham says. "You give a hard yank on the reins with one hand and swing his head around. Then pull hard with the other hand, bringing the animal's head into your lap.

"I earned $125,000 apiece with my two best horses. Alamo is still going strong, but I lost Hondo during *Little Big Man*. We were going hard when he hit a chuck hole and broke his leg. Shoot, I make more money now than I ever knew they printed. Some $60,000 last year for stunts and directing. But it's not the money that keeps me in this game. It's the work and doing each gag just right so that it comes off looking real and easy and exciting."

That, essentially, is what spurs accomplished stunt men, what makes them go to such extraordinary lengths despite the risks. Take the case of Chuck Couch, who worked on a movie shot at the Grand Canyon. He was to leap at the last instant into a tramcar going across the canyon. If he missed, he would fall a mile into the gorge. The timing of the sequence was off as Couch made his attempt. Crewmen yelled for him to stop but apparently he did not hear them. He leapt, catching the pulley with his fingers. The distance of his jump was so astounding the movie crew decided to measure it. It was 26 feet. Perhaps Bob Beamon's broad-jump record, which was only some three feet longer, should be regarded as merely the second most amazing athletic feat of our time. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 18-24

BASKETBALL—ABA Runner-up Indiana, whose six-game winning streak was broken by Kentucky 108–88 the night before, defeated West leader Utah 119–113 (*page 46*) and climbed within three games of the sinking Stars, who dropped three of four overall. Kentucky held its eight-game lead over Virginia in the East Division as both teams won two of three, including a split with each other on successive nights. In the first game, the Squires, led by Charlie Scott's 46 points, snapped the Colonels' 10-game winning string with a 138–132 victory on the loser's home court, and, in the return game, the Colonels gained their 10th consecutive road victory by beating the Squires 118–115. Rookie Artis Gilmore and Dan Issel totaled 72 points for Kentucky, while rookie Julius Erving scored 40 points and pulled down 21 rebounds for Virginia.

NBA "We were the poor kids playing the rich kids and we should have won," said East Coach Tom Heinsohn after Jerry West popped in a 20-foot jump shot with two seconds left to give the WEST a 112–110 victory in the NBA All-Star Game in Los Angeles. The East, a 10-point underdog, had hustled to a 64–54 halftime lead, fallen behind by nine points with less than three minutes to play and tied the score at 110–110 on Dave Cowens' basket with 11 seconds to go.

Following the All-Star Game break, Pacific leader Los Angeles continued its inexplicable slump, losing to New York 104–101 as Earl Monroe and Dean Meminger came off the bench to total 27 points, and to Phoenix 116–102, making it four losses in six games since the record 33-game winning streak. Golden State zipped to its 11th win in a row and moved half a game past Seattle into second place, still a formidable 12 games behind the Lakers. Boston held its five-game lead over the Knicks in the Atlantic Division, and Milwaukee remained 4½ ahead of Chicago in the Midwest. The closest race was going on in the all-losing Central Division. Cleveland, the brief leader only a few weeks earlier, dropped its ninth consecutive game and plummeted into the cellar, replacing Cincinnati, which ran its modest winning string to four games, including a 128–108 victory over Cleveland on Nate Archibald's 41 points. Despite its sudden reversal, Cleveland was only 6½ games behind first-place Baltimore. In the gunners' battle of the week, Pistol Pete Maravich popped in 50 points for Atlanta, and Billy Cunningham tossed in 45 for the 76ers as Atlanta whacked Philadelphia 124–116.

GOLF—MILLER BARBER, on the 3rd hole of sudden death after an 18-hole playoff, defeated George Archer to win the Tucson Open (*page 54*).

HOCKEY—Improving St. Louis (*page 181* won two of three to move into third place in the West but was still an insurmountable 26 points away from first-place Chicago and a discouraging 16 behind runner-up Minnesota. Red-hot Boston scorched Detroit 9–2 with six goals in the second period as Derek Sanderson scored three and assisted on two others, shut out St. Louis 2-0 and blasted Montreal 8–5 on five second-period goals to gain a two-point lead over New York in the East. Rookie Ken Dryden, who had a back injury, played his first game in the goal for Montreal since Dec. 6 and turned away 32 shots in a 1–0 shutout of Toronto before being buffeted by the Bruins.

MOTOR SPORTS—Defending world champion JACKIE STEWART, driving a Tyrrell-Ford, led all the way to take the Argentine Grand Prix in Buenos Aires, the first Formula I race of the season.

SKIING—ANNEMARIE PROELL of Austria won her fourth downhill of the season, and France's BRITT LAFFORGUE took her second slalom in a row at World Cup events in Grindelwald, Switzerland. In the last race before the Olympics, Proell won the giant slalom at St.-Gervais, France and climbed into the lead in the World Cup standings, 203–187 over Françoise Macchi of France.

TRACK & FIELD—JIM RYUN, with a 4:06.8, defeated Kipchoge Keino by seven yards in the mile at the Sunkist Invitational in Los Angeles (*page 12*). The night before, at the San Francisco Examiner Games, Keino won the mile in 4:01.2. Many of the same athletes competed in the two meets, with AL FEUERBACH, REYNALDO BROWN and LEE EVANS gaining back-to-back victories. Feuerbach made it three straight wins in two weeks over Randy Matson when he heaved the shot 68' 2¼" at S.F. and 67' 4" at L.A. Brown high-jumped seven feet and followed it with a 7' 2" leap, while Evans took the 600-yard run with a 1:10.3 the first night and a 1:10.7 the next. FRANK SHORTER and GEORGE YOUNG traded victories in the two-mile run, with Shorter winning the Examiner Games in 8:52.6 and Young taking the Sunkist in 8:47.2. Sweden's KJELL ISAKSSON and HANS LAGERQVIST also took turns defeating each other in the pole vault as Isaksson leaped 17' 1½" at S.F. and Lagerqvist reached 17 feet at L.A. WILLIE DAVENPORT won the 60-yard hurdles in 7.1 the first night and finished second to PAUL GIBSON the following night as both were timed in 7.1.

At the Philadelphia Classic the ADELPHI mile relay team, which set a world indoor mark with a 3:13.7 a week earlier, lost its record to the Philadelphia Pioneer Club, which clocked 3:13.3 in a heat. In the finals, however, Adelphi (Keith Davis, 49.6, Larry Ross, 47.9, Dennis Walker, 47.5 and Clyde McPherson, 47.2) lowered the record to 3:12.2. In other events BYRON DYCE won the mile in 4:01.8, BRIAN McELROY took the 1,000-yard run in 2:08.2 and TOM BLAIR won the pole vault at 17' ¼".

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED: To baseball's Hall of Fame, Pitchers SANDY KOUFAX, 36, and EARLY WYNN, 52, and Catcher YOGI BERRA, 46. Koufax, a lefthander and the youngest player ever selected, had only a 36-40 record in his first six seasons with the Brooklyn Los Angeles Dodgers. But in his last six years he won 129 games and lost only 47 (with 25-5, 26-8 and 27-9 seasons), gained five straight ERA titles, took the Cy Young Award three of four years and pitched four no-hitters, including a perfect game, in leading the Dodgers to three pennants. Overall he struck out 2,396 batters in 2,324⅓ innings before retiring at 30 in 1966 because of the risk of permanent damage to his arthritic left elbow. Wynn, a righthander, pitched 23 years (a major league record) for three American League clubs from 1939 to 1963, and is only the 14th (and last) pitcher to win 300 or more games. He won 22 games for the pennant-winning Chicago White Sox in 1959 at age 39 and gained his 300th victory (against 244 losses) in 1963 at 43. Berra, a superb catcher, batted .285, hit 358 home runs and had 1,430 RBIs in his 19 seasons. He played in 14 All-Star Games and 14 World Series (he holds 10 Series catching records) and won the American League MVP award three times (1951, 1954 and 1955).

HIRED: Two Stanford assistants as head football coaches at Stanford and California, JACK CHRISTIANSEN, 44, a former All-Pro defensive back and once head coach of the San Francisco 49ers, takes over the Indians, and MIKE WHITE, 36, will lead the Bears. At Georgia Tech, BILL FULCHER, 38, who completed his first season at Tampa with a 6-5 record, was named head coach.

PURCHASED: By ANDY GRANATELLI, 48, the racing operations of RICHARD PETTY, 34, for the 1972 season for approximately $1 million. Besides Petty, who set a NASCAR record with $333,648 in 1971, Granatelli obtained the services of BUDDY BAKER, 31, the No. 3 money-winner with $116,942.

RESIGNED: As head football coach at Oregon, JERRY FREI, 47, after five years and a 22-29-2 record.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD

MAUREEN CLDONAN, 14, of Kenilworth, N.J., won the women's heavyweight title in the East Coast Invitational Judo championships when she threw the defending champion in a five-second final. A second-degree brown belt, she won the middleweight title in 1969.

CORRADO BARAZZUTTI, of Rome, Italy, became the first foreigner in five years to win the 25th Orange Bowl International Junior tennis tournament when he beat Vitas Gerulaitis of New York 6–4, 6–1, 6–2 in the finals. Barazzutti lost only one set in seven matches.

MIKE McDERMOTT, a senior at NYU who drinks five quarts of milk a day, became the first man since 1941 to win the 35-pound weight throw and the shotput in both the Metropolitan (New York) AAU Junior and Senior indoor championships.

JIM SCHMID, a senior guard at Aurora (Ill.) Central Catholic High, set school and South Central Conference records when he connected on 46 consecutive free throws in six games for the Chargers. Only 5' 6", Jim is captain of both the basketball and baseball teams.

LUIGI BATTAGLIA, a senior at Roxborough High, scored 46 goals in leading his soccer team to a 19-0 season (91 goals to opposition's eight) and the Philadelphia high school title. His goal in the 1–0 championship game was the 100th in his scholastic career.

EDDIE RESSLER, a 5' 11½", 170-pound senior at William Allen High in Allentown, Pa., maintained an impressive 202 bowling average over 42 games. He has bowled series of 734, 734, 717 and 714 and has had high games of 298 (in 1969), 289, 277 and 264.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SUPERCOWBOYS

Sirs.

John Underwood's article *Dolphins, by a Nose* (Jan. 17) predicting the outcome of the Super Bowl was extremely articulate, perceptive and stimulating. Fortunately for the Dallas Cowboys, the only attribute it lacked was accuracy. I'd suggest that Mr. Underwood join the redoubtable Ron Fimrite (*A Birdbath for the Pirates*, Oct. 18) and send in his crystal ball for repairs.

Tex Maule called the shot (*Cowboys, in a Walk*) in his unprovoking, straight-shooting article on the true, inevitable champions.

WILLIAM T. OCEL

Portland, Texas

Sirs:

Long a 49er fan, I instantly became a Cowboy backer after reading John Underwood's ridiculous preview of the Super Bowl. Rather than predict the Dolphins would win on their own merits, Underwood instead belittled a fine Dallas team with preposterous statements. He suggested the Cowboys could not win because 1) both of Miami's playoff opponents could easily handle Dallas, 2) Duane Thomas wears a stocking cap on postgame trips and 3) Buffalo scored 37 points against the Cowboys four months earlier. If "it does so count," as Mr. Underwood persistently insists, then the Buffalo offense is about 12 times stronger than Miami's.

After watching one of the most one-sided Super Bowl games ever, I suspect that Mr. Underwood is wearing a stocking cap pulled down over his face.

MIKE BRAY

Stanford, Calif.

Sirs:

The law of averages? Phooey! The Cowboys won. The Cowboys stomped Miami because they are the best team in pro football. Who is John Underwood?

JAMES SEARS

Little Rock, Ark.

Sirs:

I agree with John Underwood's conclusion. It would be fitting for the Cowboys to award the game ball to Tex Maule.

DEAN KING

Waco, Texas

Sirs:

I hereby nominate Tex Maule for the title "Dallas Cowboys' Most Loyal Fan." Mr. Maule has been picking the Cowboys to win the NFL championship ever since they came into existence. Now his loyalty has been rewarded. Way to go, Tex.

ROBERT BROWN

Hicksville, N.Y.

Sirs:

Lest Tex Maule get overconfident, please have him put this ancient Chinese proverb over his desk: "Even a blind pig finds an acorn now and then."

WALTER ANDRASI

Knoxville, Tenn.

END OF A STREAK

Sirs

My thanks to Peter Carry for a sparkling article on the Milwaukee victory over the Los Angeles Lakers (*Derailing the Laker Express*, Jan. 17). If any team had to stop the Lakers' winning streak, who else should it have been but the world champions?

LISA CASTAGNA

Kings Park, N.Y.

Sirs:

Milwaukee Coach Larry Costello said, "We're still the champions, and we will be until somebody beats us, which they haven't yet when it's counted." He is right.

MIKE AULIK

Manitowoc, Wis.

Sirs:

Although the Bucks won this game, they have not yet successfully defended their crown. Indeed, on a similar Sunday in Los Angeles, the Lakers beat the Bucks 112–105. That victory was the 11th in their record-breaking streak.

This game was different, however. The Bucks were out to end the Laker streak that had broken their record of the previous year. They also wanted to avenge their earlier loss to the Lakers. So Milwaukee won the game—but the championship is definitely still at stake.

RANDY KLEIN

Weston, Conn.

SUNSTRUCK

Sirs:

It was bad enough that you failed to put a picture of the Milwaukee Bucks or the Marquette Warriors on the cover of the Jan. 17 issue, but to go and waste the cover and five more pages on a fashion show of high-priced women's swimwear (*It May Be Nautical but It's Not the Navy*) was ridiculous. Please remember that the name of your magazine is not *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar*.

NORM NUSBAUM

Evanston, Ill.

Sirs:

Jerry Kirshenbaum's story about California's Marina del Rey (*Nothing Like Having Your Boat Downtown*, Jan. 17) was an excellent piece of literature deserving nothing but the highest praise. What really attracted my eye, though, were the new nautical "uniforms" for women.

ALAN FOGEL

Brooklyn

Sirs:

SI does it again—another fantastic display of female sports enthusiasts.

JOHN G. BRIMMER

Nashville

Sirs:

The next time I subscribe to a sports magazine for my young sports-minded son, you can be sure your magazine will not even be considered.

VIRGINIA MARRAN

Warwick, R.I.

Sirs:

Since I know you will probably be swamped with "shame on you, my son looks at your magazine, cancel my subscription!" letters, I would just like to say thanks for a fine issue and some wonderful pictures. It is features like "City Life on the Water" and *An African Journal* (Dec. 20 *et seq.*) by Ernest Hemingway that separate your magazine from the other sports publications.

DANNY AXSOM

Hampton, Va.

UCLA'S DYNASTY

Sirs:

Who are you trying to kid? In your College Basketball Issue (Nov. 29), you rated UCLA fourth in the country. In the article *Court Trial for UCLA's New Gang* (Jan. 10), you suggest that we fans thought UCLA's dynasty was over. No we didn't, SI did

DAN RUBINGER

Liverpool, N.Y.

Sirs:

I feel that Ohio State's Allan Hornyak and Mark Minor were done an injustice. Although "poor Allan Hornyak was not able to get so much as a single field goal past Bibby's tenacious defense," it was not mentioned that Hornyak has been hampered by a heel bruise and had played only parts of three games prior to this one. Nor was it mentioned that Mark Minor held Henry Bibby to a mere 10 points.

Other than that, it was a very interesting article. UCLA proved that it is No. 1.

CHRISTOPHER GRAMLICH

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

You have presented your readers with a very interesting contrast between the basketball programs at UCLA and the University of Maryland (*Sweating Through the*

continued

Dreads, Jan. 3). Not that it makes any difference, but on what possible basis does Lefty Driesell refer to his team as "the UCLA of the East"? The two have nothing whatsoever in common. No, that's not quite true. Each school has a 6'11" sophomore center who was a high school All-America.

Let us hope that the Bruins and the Terps meet in the NCAA finals in March. Usually teams like Maryland fail to get through the regionals. If they do, their fate may be the same as Elvin Hayes and Houston suffered five years ago. The Cougars were humiliated by what may very well have been the greatest exhibition ever of collegiate basketball. The Bill Walton-Tom McMillen confrontation will be even more interesting. If Loyola's Ed Butler stripped McMillen bare, then when Walton finishes with him, the charge will be indecent exposure.

DON LEVITAN

Los Angeles

Sirs:

What did Ed Butler of Loyola do to deserve to be earmarked "ex-convict" by Curry Kirkpatrick? Never having met Butler, I admire him for making a new start in life by enrolling in an accredited university and participating in organized athletics. I am sure he can do without this kind of publicity.

RICHARD F. WHITEMAN

Billerica, Mass.

HOWARD'S CHAMPIONSHIP

Sirs:

Gwilym S. Brown's article (*Another No. 1 Is Settled in the Orange Bowl*, Jan. 10) on the NCAA soccer championship was excellent. It certainly did justice to the world's No. 1 sport as it is played in this country. It is interesting to note that two national collegiate football championships were decided in the Orange Bowl two days apart: a mythical title in American football, and a *real* title in *real* football.

R. B. SPANO

University Park, Pa.

Sirs:

As one of the handful of spectators in the Orange Bowl to witness the NCAA soccer playoffs, I can only express wonder at the scorn expressed by St. Louis Coach Harry Keough and your writer Gwilym Brown for the play of Howard and Harvard in the semifinals. Though hardly an expert, I have seen good soccer played and have coached the game at the prep level. Both Howard and Harvard seemed far from inept to me. Rather, it was the skilled and tenacious play by both teams' fullbacks and goalies that kept the exceptionally quick forwards from scoring. By contrast, the St. Louis-San Francisco semifinal game seemed relatively slow and, yes, inept, and both teams made occasional novice errors in trying to control

continued

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and pass the ball. When it came time for the finals I really thought Howard would win more decisively. And, for my money, Harvard, not St. Louis, is No. 2

GEOFF PLETSCH

Miami

Sirs:

My congratulations to Howard University for winning the NCAA soccer championship and to Mr. Brown and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for making it known.

As the goalie for San Diego State College, I noticed that most of the teams play the hard European style with a rough defense and fast break. Wait till I convince my Scottish coach to play the Latin way, then we will meet Howard up there in the finals.

JOE F. BARAJAS

Imperial Beach, Calif.

MENTAL SPORT

Sirs:

Robert Cantwell's article on the Bridge Match of the Century between Italy's Blue Team and the Aces (*Blues in the Night for the Aces*, Jan. 3) was an interesting account. He overlooked a few factors that showed the dominance of the Italians was even stronger than the final outcome indicated. The winners forsook their usual bidding system to use a completely different one. They also abandoned defensive signals, yet seemed always to make the correct decision.

The entire match was exciting. We applauded the brilliant play and strategy of the Italians, who provided very few dull moments of bridge. The Las Vegas Hilton was a winner to host such a magnificent event.

AARON GOLDMAN
Associate Professor of Mathematics
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Las Vegas

Sirs:

I have come to the conclusion, after much thought and verbal exchange of ideas, that bridge and chess are not sports in the true sense of the word. Granted, each possesses a degree of organization and universality, but neither involves the essential physical element that differentiates a game from a sport. Horseshoe pitching, table tennis, marbles, etc. involve a degree of physical coordination and therefore are sports; bridge and chess involve purely mental activity and therefore are only games, as are Stratego and Monopoly.

GARR M. KLUENDER
Sports Department
The Des Moines Register

Des Moines

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